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Signing The Constitution Of The United States

From the Painting by the Late Percy Moran, Published and Copyrighted by The Osborne Art Calendar Co., Clifton, N. J.

IT WAS in historic Independence Hall in Philadelphia, that the delegates met, discussed and, on September 17, 1787, signed the Constitution of the United States, which those distinguished patriots had prepared for ratification by the States of the Union. The four aged pieces of parchment on which were inscribed the provisions of the Constitution are now in a glass case in the Library of Congress at Washington—a document of priceless value as a safeguard to the liberty of the American people.

It was in the same Independence Hall that Benjamin Franklin and other leaders had met eleven years before and joined in signing the Declaration of Independence. But the States had met with difficulties in cooperating in the National Congress to insure the fruits of the victory that had been achieved in throwing off the fetters of British domination.

If the new nation was to hold together, it was realized that the States must agree upon a constitution definitely fixing the powers and relations of the President, the Congress, the States' legislatures, a Supreme Court and many other important matters which were in dispute.

George Washington was persuaded to accept the chairmanship of the gathering. From early in May until the middle of September the delegates struggled with the intricate problems, arguing, discussing, debating and finally settling them, one by one—the problems whose wise solution was to be of such momentous consequence in the years to follow.

Mr. Percy Moran, the artist, shows in his painting a group of the most distinguished of the thirty-nine signers of the momentous document. The commanding figure of George Washington stands beside the table, quill pen in hand. Commencing at the extreme left, the others are William Samuel Johnson, who later became President of Columbia College. Next to him, in red, is Robert Morris, whose private fortune saved the Revolution from shipwreck. Next to Morris in the green coat, is William Livingston, who was the Governor of New Jersey from 1776 to 1790.

Wearing a red coat, next to Livingston, is John Rutledge, delegate from South Carolina and a Governor of that

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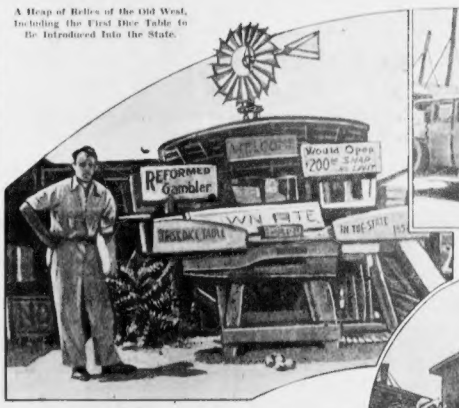
His Majesty, the "King" of the Salt Lake Desert

Dad Lee at the "Gates" of His Desert Kingdom, Welcoming Tourists and Desert Rats Alike, and Always Alert for an Addition to His Pioneer Collection.



A Heap of Relics of the Old West, Including the First Dice Table to Be Introduced Into the State.

Dad Lee at the Gas Station, Which Is Really Better Known as a Water Station, an Agreeable Oasis for Travelers and Prospectors.

The Relics of the Early West Are at Last Proving an Attraction. A Cowgirl Is Shown in the Photograph, Trying Out Two Ancient Pistols.

HOW to be sociable and at the same time live in the middle of a desert is a problem which would stump most people. But Dad Lee, a former gold prospector, solved it. He put up a filling station and today more people beat a path to his door than would visit him if he were the man who built the better mousetrap.

During the early years spent hunting for gold, Dad got his fill of loneliness and very little gold. So much unbroken conversation accumulated in him that he figured it would probably take the rest of his life to get it out. But at the same time he had been hanging around the desert and nearby mountains for so long that he didn't think he could live properly anywhere else. So, not wanting to go to the places where people congregate, he decided to get the people to come to him.

The solution to this problem came to him pretty much by accident. His water supply was gone and he went to replenish it at one of the rare springs along the old Salt Lake trail. While he was there another lonely prospector showed up on a similar errand. They talked for a long time and then the other prospector went his way. Dad Lee stayed on. He reasoned that this was a spot to which folks were bound to come in search of water, and as there were a lot of things he had not had a chance to say to the prospector who had just left he might just as well wait around for another one. In this way he would be able to carry on a kind of marathon conversation, picking up with the second man where he had left off with the first. The plan worked but Dad was still unsatisfied. He wasn't by any means talked out and surveyed the prospect of a return to his lonely camp with distaste.

When last heard of Dad Lee was still carrying on his marathon conversation with the end still not in sight. In his case the lure of the word proved greater than the lure of gold. He moved all his belongings down to the water hole and squatted there waiting, like the Ancient Mariner, to fix unwary travelers with a glittering eye. They came and drank of the spring water and of the unending stream of conversation which poured forth from this extraordinary man. Possession is nine parts of the law, and by right of possession the water hole in time became Dad Lee's. He developed it, erected a windmill where a windmill had never before been seen, put up shacks, did a little trading on the side. He traded in goods and in words. In exchange for a day's invigorating conversation he has grubstaked many a poor prospector and desert rat. Some times, out of gratitude, they would leave with him some memento of the early days of the West. The souvenirs have by this time piled up to such an extent that Dad Lee's collection of pioneer relics is one of the finest anywhere.

The days of glory for the old prospector did not begin, however, until transcontinental auto travel became an established custom. As he had served burros with water, Dad adjusted himself to changed conditions and began servicing automobiles with gasoline. The number of visitors increased, as did also the opportunities for conversation. Backed up by his collection of relics, to each of which some kind of story was attached, and full of the tall tales he had been hearing from travelers for the past years, this desert Demosthenes was in his element. By a fortunate coincidence, his camp happens to be on the road to Reno, the divorce capital of the United States, and presently luxurious cars bearing wealthy men and women on their way to second freedom began pulling up at his door. It was all grist to Dad Lee's mill. No conversationalist scorns a little scandal.

When the Photographer Went Down Into the "Circle of Death"

"TRAPPED!" This Is the Portrait Which Won a Recent Prize at the Exhibition of the Austrian Society Portraitists, Who Displayed Their Best Works in Vienna. The Photographer-Artist, Professor Manasse, Chose the Petite Irene Hunslike, Viennese Actress, for His Model.

NERVY cameramen are always taking chances—shinning up the girders of lowering sky-crapers, going along with the infantry and the fliers when war lets loose, "covering" bull fights and automobile races, floods and tornadoes. But the photographer shown in the remarkable photograph at the right topped all his shutter-snapping colleagues for sheer courage when he went into the "Circle of Death" and lay down in the bottom of the pit while three dare-devil motorcyclists roared around and around above him, sometimes skimming within a few inches of him and his high-speed camera.

The "Circle of Death," a show that is, at the moment, thrilling visitors to a Parisian amusement park, is a small bowl of wood and steel—the sides of which are straight up and down. The bottom of the bowl has steeply inclined sides. The riders start their machines on the small flat floor, roll up on the incline, around and around until they work up sufficient speed to move up onto the perpendicular section of the bowl. Then, throttles wide open, they roar around the pit while spectators gaze down at them from above.

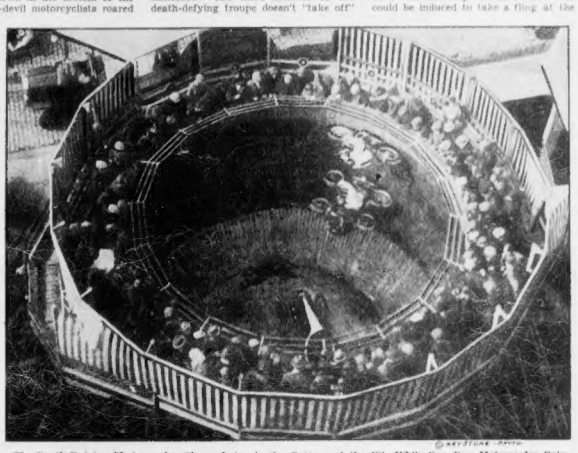
One after another the riders start—the second performer does not roll around the "Circle of Death" until the first one is safely (?) tearing around the straight-sided upper part of the enclosure. The third member of the death-defying troupe doesn't "take off" until his two partners are in action. Then for ten minutes all three of them race about the bowl, soaring at least half the onlookers as they never have been scared before. But the French like nothing so much as a thrill—which they find in good measure in the "Circle of Death."

The cameraman who went into the bowl was the only one in France who could be induced to take a fling at the dangerous job. And even he hesitated until he was assured that he would be paid handsomely for the unusual "shots" he would get—if nothing happened to him.

There wasn't room enough for the three riders, their machines and the cameraman at the bottom of the bowl at the same time. The procedure was this: One rider entered the arena with his motorcycle through a trap door which fits flush with the inclined interior of the "Circle of Death." When he was rolling dizzily around and around 20 feet above the bottom, the second rider came in and then the third. It was only when all three dare-devils were racing about the wooden pit that the photographer came in through the trap door, lay down on the bottom on his back and snapped picture after picture of the goings-on roaring and flashing a few feet over his head.

The object in the center of the floor, close by the foolhardy photographer, is a midget racing automobile, which was rolled in after the motorcyclists were going full tilt. At every performance one of the drivers takes this machine on a wild spin about the "Circle of Death."

After he was safely out of the arena with a couple of dozen negatives, most of which turned out to be blurs, the cameraman admitted that he never had been so scared in his life.



The Death-Defying Photographer Shown Lying in the Bottom of the Pit, While Speeding Motorcycles Spin Madly Around Him.

World's Most Valuable Stamp

WHENEVER enthusiastic stamp collectors get together to compare books and talk about their hobby, conversation finally gets around to the most valuable stamp in the world—a small, rather unbeautiful piece of magenta-colored paper with a crude picture of a ship on it and nine words of printing.

Right now the stamp is the property of Mrs. Costa Scala, of Utica, New York. Any collector who has the urge and the means to pick it up might be able to acquire the rarity at a price somewhere between $15,000 and $20,000—and it's a one-cent stamp, issued in 1856 by the postoffice department of British Guiana.

Mrs. Scala is the widow of the late Arthur Hind, who paid $7,641 for the little, faded piece of paper. Last year in London, she put the stamp up at auction and placed a minimum value on it of $15,000. No bidders were willing to go quite that high for the stamp, although there were rumors that the late King George probably would buy it for his collection.

The seemingly fabulous price of the stamp is based on the rarity of its appearance in fact—and the unusual manner in which it was printed. When the stamp was issued the government of British Guiana found itself out of four-cent stamps. It needed such stamps before a supply could be sent from England, so a local printer was engaged to run off a small number. The printer made use of the cut of a ship which he used in advertisements in his newspaper. The ship was surrounded by a box, inside of which was the motto of the country and outside of which were the words: "British Guiana postage four cents."

Through a misunderstanding a few of the stamps were printed with words "one cent" instead of "four cents" on them. This error was quickly corrected and the only specimen of the one-cent stamp that ever has come to light is the tiny piece of ordinary paper that many of the world's philatelists would give all they possess to own.

The stamp has been in various hands since it was discovered among some family effects about the time of the Civil War and there is an ironical note in the story of its first sale—after, of course, someone paid a cent for it. One Vernon Vaughan, a resident of British Guiana and a stamp collector, thought the specimen unattractive and sold it to a fellow collector for $1.50.

"Tuffy," the Mug-Sized Mite of Dogdom

SOME day Tuffy, Jr., Salt Lake City's smallest dog, may grow up and be as active and husky as others of his breed—he's a Boston terrier and a good one. But at the moment the pet doesn't show normal growth and can get comfortably in the mug his mistress is shown holding in the photograph at the right.

Most pups would make quite a fuss if they were tucked into the small quarters that Tuffy, Jr., is occupying, but he actually seems to enjoy being carried around in the beaker. He does insist, however, that his front feet hang over the rim. If his owner—Miss Helen Tuttle—puts his feet inside he struggles until he gets them clear.

This tiny fellow, like all others of his breed, is an American-made dog. His ancestors—the bulldog and the terrier—came here from England somewhere 60 and 70 years ago. By chance the cross between these two breeds got its start in Boston, famed in song and story as the city of "the bean and the cod." Within a few generations most of the bulldog characteristics were bred out of the dog which came to be called the Boston terrier. The bow legs straightened out and the pushed-in face with the protruding lower jaw took on a less pugnacious appearance.

Going back into Tuffy's history, it is related that, in 1891, several dog fanciers in the Massachusetts capital formed the American Bull Terrier Club of Boston and applied to the American Kennel Club for a registration of the breed now known all over the world as the Boston Terrier. The application was refused when the dogs were measured and studied by experts in such matters. The authorities thought that the name bull terrier was all wrong because most of the bulldog had been bred out of the dogs.

There was a way around the obstacle, however, and the name of the organization was changed to the Boston Terrier Club and, in 1893, the breed was given full recognition.

Tuffy's full-blooded relatives do not grow as large as the bull terrier, usually weighing between 15 and 27 pounds. In dog shows there are three classes, according to poundage. The "middleweights," ranging from 17 to 22 pounds, seem to be most popular. Tuffy would be classed as a Toy Boston.

Tuffy, the Boston Terrier, Owned by Miss Helen Tuttle, of Salt Lake City, Who Shows Him Partly Inside an Ordinary Beer Mug.

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What They Said They Saw Through the Hotel Window

The Bell-Hop, the Head-Waiter, the Steward and the Watchman Testified to Watching With Other Help Through Oil Millionaire Mallory's Carelessly Opened Window and Keeping Quiet Until Miss Crawford's Husband Took a Look---And Then the Trouble Began

Mr. Mallory Enjoying a Cigarette During the Court Proceedings Which Ended in a "Heart-balm" Verdict Against Him.

The Former Mrs. Edgar at the Trial That Cost Oil-Heir Mallory $35,000.

Mrs. Kathryn Crawford Edgar When She Was a Motion Picture Star.

And This Is Kathryn in Another Pose Which Somewhat Resembles What the Hotel Help Said They Saw Through the Window.

NUDISM, though thought indecent by some, is not necessarily lewd or immoral but onlookers declared they thought it was rather careless of Lewis E. Mallory III., 22-year-old Pennsylvania oil heir, to leave his bedroom window open while he entertained, one sketchily, the beautiful actress, Kathryn Crawford. Because Kathryn happened to be the wife of James Edgar, Jr., this alleged overnight had just cost young Mr. Mallory a $35,000 heart-balm verdict.

Four witnesses testified that crowds of hotel employes gathered around the open window watching the scene with great interest, but keeping quiet until one evening a stranger joined the audience and made such a fuss that William Hostrunk, the night watchman of the hotel, noticed him peeking.

That I am the instrument of that woman is there, he intimated. Mr. Hostrunk felt so sorry for him that he became star witness against Mr. Mallory, the party of the other part. This was related to a jury of six married men in Judge Trumbull's Circuit Court at Miami, Florida, the other day in the course of the husband's $500,000 suit for alienation of affections against 22-year-old Mallory, who was referred to as "Miami playboy and night-hawk."

Mr. Edgar, Detroit manufacturer, gave the court a synopsis of the various acts that had gone before the open window scenes described by former members of the fashionable Roney Plaza Hotel at Miami Beach. He related that the former stage and screen actress had been a sweet and affectionate wife from their marriage in 1934 until March, when he returned to Miami after a long business trip to Detroit to find the dark-eyed Kathryn inattentive and cold to him.

Thinking it was only the result of a prolonged absence, he took her in the arms warmer climate of Havana to thaw out. But instead of it defrosting his kitty, as he called her, the extra-chilly one, so imagined, with whatever aided the lady, that she and her friend, Miss Mildred Schroeder, suddenly left him and returned to Miami.

A few days after the husband followed by airplane, and was surprised that Kitty did not meet him at the airport. Still greater was his surprise when she greeted him with the accusation that he had gambled away a check she had left with him. When he showed her the check, still uncashed, instead of throwing her arms around his neck he says she went into hysterics, so strange that he called a doctor. The physician seemed unable to understand the alarming symptoms, but he quieted them with a sedative, which put the patient to sleep.

Early in the morning, Mr. Edgar started down to breakfast, deeply concerned over his wife's health and supposing that she was fast asleep in her room. Glancing through a plate-glass window to the hotel's swimming pool, usually unused at that early hour, he says:

"I saw her swimming with another man. There was no one else in the pool. They were laughing and talking, and I was quite upset after her saying she was so sick, that she would get up and go swimming the next morning."

Mr. Edgar thought he could diagnose this symptom as indicating that he was losing his wife's affections. So he went in search on the conventional cash-and-kindness formula to win it back. But in spite of extra presents and special attentiveness, besides her regular $700 a month allowance, she grew worse and worse until finally the doctor called it a nervous breakdown and ordered her to a hospital. However, she followed her normal habit of forgetting her handbag which Mr. Edgar found in the car, after driving her to the hospital.

Looking in the bag he picked up a card which he says he saw her deftly remove from a mysterious box of flowers. His attempts to learn who had sent them had caused such terrifying nervous symptoms that he had abandoned the attempt at the time. Now he says he read:

"Darling, never forget I have loved you all three is and still love you all three is. Lew."

This charming sentiment ought to move anyone, in fact it was reminiscent of the most moving of moving pictures. It moved the husband to see what else he could find in his wife's room. There, he says, he discovered a German and a French love poem, typed on Lewis Mallory's stationery and the copy in his wife's handwriting of the following telegram:

"Nothing worth while without you, my dear. I love you with every fibre of my soul and pray every day you are away that you will come back free of heart and mind. Such is my love for you."

Souls, being immaterial things, are not supposed to have fibrous tissue, like bodies, but Mr. Edgar got the general idea that it was a touching message. He was touched so hard that he jumped right into a plane and flew to Winter Park, Fla., where the address on the telegram showed that Mr. Mallory was or had been staying.

He found Mr. Mallory attending a high-society wedding, showed him the card, the telegram and pointed out other circumstances, such as Mrs. Edgar's frigid nervous prostration and then offered to make the great sacrifice. Since the oil heir had won his wife's love, he would step aside and be divorced, provided the curly-headed "night hawk" would do the right thing by their Nell and marry her.

When ladies of the Victorian age received proposals of marriage, they often blushingly replied:

"This is so sudden."

This proposal coming to Mallory through the lady's husband caused him to make much the same reply. According to the husband, his actual words were:

"This is rather short notice. I'll have to think it over and let you know."

Mr. Mallory only held that valuable option on Kitty's heart and hand until the next morning when he telephoned Mr. Edgar that the marriage would be absolutely impossible. The young bachelor then hung up the receiver without explaining whether he had taken vows of celibacy or what made him decline such a privilege.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," said Shakespeare, and Mr. Edgar decided that untrue love must be even worse. He then called at the hospital to tell the Mrs. of his efforts in her behalf. Instead of gratitude he got hysterics, and the accusation of having broken something beautiful between her and Mallory, so he testified. The nurses thought the husband cruel to bother his poor, sick wife with love problems.

Nevertheless if he really had broken this alleged beautiful thing, perhaps there was still hope of winning back something in the way of a warmed-over love from his wife.

One evening, some time after Kitty's soul fibres had become strong enough to let her return to the hotel, he got busy on that theory, and called. The clerk said the telephone in her room did not answer, so he sat for a long time in his parked car waiting for the light in her windows to flash at her return. Finally he remembered the swimming pool and went there, but there was no Kitty. Where could she be?

On the way back to the car he heard her voice and following it to a wide-open window on the ground floor says he saw his love-bird there with the "night hawk," but that both were as unfeathered as a pair of picked chickens. The next thing he knew someone dragged him away by the arm and he spent the rest of the night driving aimlessly around.

What he said to Kitty on their next meeting caused her to divorce him for cruelty and a settlement of $18,000. Also he aimed a charge of $500,000 worth of alienation of affections at the "night hawk" and winged him to the extent of $35,000.

Mr. Holstrunk, former night watchman of the hotel, whose business was to watch, testified that he had watched through Mr. Mallory's window many nights and seen the playboy and Kitty in various conditions of clothing, from full-dress to full-undress. Harry Luije, who was a bell-captain, and Edward Matthews, night steward, swore that they also had stood many nights with a crowd of other hotel employes, gazing through the window beholding the two in assorted states of mind and raiment from being clothed and in their right minds to the mellet's ideal of perfection. And they said the two were "calling each other pet names such as darling."

John Murrell, attorney for the defense, asked the captain of the bell-boys if that night was anything unusual.

"Oh, no," Luije replied, "bell-boys see lots of things like that."

An effort was made to show that Holstrunk had received money for his damaging testimony but he denied it vigorously. Afterward the watchman said indignantly:

"From what we watchmen see, we could be testifying all the time but we try to keep away from these heart-balm suits. But this husband saw me looking right at it and what could I do?"

Anton Kloos, former head waiter, who was brought from New York in an airplane as a surprise witness, said:

"The first time I saw her, she had on pants and a brassiere but she didn't keep them on very long. Mr. Mallory didn't have anything." On a couple of occasions he said he had watched the exhibitions for about a quarter of an hour but on the third, after a few minutes, somebody they did not know came along, causing them to feel embarrassed and go away.

Mr. Mallory "denied the soft impeachment." He said that there had been no overnight nor any other improper sight through his windows. He had never, never entertained Miss Crawford in his room nor had he been guilty of any indiscretions with her. As far as he knew she was a pure and virtuous woman.

He denied having asked Edgar for time to consider the problem of marrying Mrs. Edgar and said he had told him he was crazy to suggest such a thing because he had never had the slightest desire to marry her. He could not remember sending any such message with the flowers as that he loved her all there is. He had been sorry for her because her husband was unkind, but passion and compassion are very different things.

The passionate sounding telegram he admitted receiving from Kitty but could not understand it at all because everything had been so platonic. He concluded it must be a joke and had asked several of the other wedding guests what they thought it meant. They had not been able to guess.

Mr. Fred Botts, attorney for Edgar, asked Mallory a question that was probably in the minds of everyone in the courtroom. He said:

"If you had been intimate with a woman of otherwise good reputation, would you tell the truth about it?"

Instantly the defense attorneys leaped to their feet, with horrified objections and the judge sustained them.

Mr. Mallory had come to court in defense of his bank account, which he said had dwindled from $1,250,000 to about $160,000, and Kitty was there too, with indignant denials. Everybody wondered how she would explain away that seemingly indirect telegram. Why it was like this:

When her husband had fussed about that box of flowers, she had answered that he was always sending them to other girls, so why should he object to her receiving a few? Instead of being mollified by this logic, she says Mr. Edgar got real cross and dared her to send the sender a real telegram showing her true feelings. Just to taunt him she had written the strongest one she could advise and he had been mean enough to use it in court. All the aspersions against her were "a pack of lies."

Joseph M. Brennan, caretaker and night engineer at the Deauville, said his duties required him to pass Mallory's window frequently and he had never seen any "peeping Toms" or "anything unusual" going on. Davis Logan, manager of operations, said the same thing.

In summing up, the defense attorney's last words were:

"Here in the South we do not know how to assess the value of a woman's honor in dollars."

The six jurymen figured on that question for six hours and then brought in their verdict for $35,000.

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Fashions For Cops From 1614 To 1936

The Uniform of a New York Police Officer Was Back in the Year 1614. It Is a Soldierly Costume, as Preserved by the New York Department, but Apparently the Barbers in Those Days Were Not Particularly Well Patronized by the Arms of the Law. It Must Have Been a Job for the Cops to Lug Around a Musket, Sword and Powder Container. Along With an Iron Hat.

This Cop of 1650 Looks a Bit Like a Monk, but the Clerical Garb Is Offset by an Axe and a Lantern Such as Diogenes Might Have Envied.

The Sideburns Were Born in 1830, When New York's Finest Dressed Like This, Even to the Stove-pipe Chapeau.

The Sideburns Persisted Until 1865. The Patrolmen Affected Ample Coats, Tight Trousers.

This Is Not a Key-stone Comedy Outfit, but the Actual Uniform Worn by Cops Most Everywhere in 1900.

A Lot More Sightly, This Uniform Came Along in 1925, and Does Not Differ in Many Respects From That of Today.

Snappy and Military Is the Present Uniform, With Lapelled Coats, Pointed Caps, Gloves and Puttees. The Mounted Men Are Perhaps the Best Dressed of All Modern Policemen. Their Goos Are Easy to Get At, Too. State Troopers Are the Only Policemen Who Now Outdress the City Police.

NO LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY by any means despite his long hair, the first cop in Manhattan was a grim and soldierly fellow. Back in 1614 he used to tramp his beat with musket and potsard, and wearing a pair of boots that would have delighted Captain Kidd. Then policemen became party sedate, and resembling monks, they strode around in clerical robes, offset by halberds, and a handy type of lantern.

When stove-pipe hats and swallow-tail coats came into fashion, nothing would do but the cops must have them, too—as well as sideburns. During the Civil War period New York's finest began to look more like the present-day idea of policemen, adopting shields, caps and nightsticks. Handlebar mustaches, pot helmets and full-skirted coats became the style about 1900.

The next striking change is dated 1925, when the long coat was changed for a tunic, the belt discarded and the awkward helmet replaced with a cap. But there was still room for improvement, as can be seen in the last picture in this interesting series—that of a present-day mounted policeman, in his snappy soft top cap, lapelled coat, Sam Browne belt, gloves, natty riding breeches and puttees.

How Can a Snake Strike?

IN case anyone wants to know how close he can get to a poisonous snake without running the risk of being bitten, the United States Bureau of Biological Survey has made a special study of this interesting question and has received passed out some excellent advice on the subject.

The common impression, that snakes can strike their full length, or even greater, is wrong. The best they can do is three-fourths of their length, but they will not attempt that unless excited, and usually they only strike half their length.

In making long strikes snakes are seldom accurate, and some method usually prevents them from hitting it, since this would be to danger of losing their balance.

A snake's method of striking is merely to straighten out its scalloped curves with great speed. If it is coiled at the moment of striking it swiftly unrolls about half of the front part of its body and hurls that forward from a looped position. Most snakes can strike accurately for short distances, from almost any position. When excited the Western diamondback rattler frequently raises its head from 10 to 15 inches above the ground, making a short but sure aim and discharge.

Dangerous snakes often camouflage themselves. The flying snakes, as they strike at something beyond their reach sends venom flying from their fangs, which accounts for stories of snakes spitting poison. Most people who are bitten are struck on the hand or foot. For the reason their boots worn high rubber boots or puttees are usually an effective protection against snake bites when tramping in the woods or swamps.

Sweden's Pretty Parachute Jumper

THE slim and graceful young lady shown below looks as if she would only feel thoroughly at home in the glare of Klieg lights or on the dance floor of some fashionable country club. But the truth of the matter is that nothing frightens her so much as a spotlight.

She is eighteen-year-old Ingo Lindgren, Sweden's only parachute jumping aviatrix. Give her an aviation costume, a properly packed parachute, take her up 5,000 feet or so—then she's very much at home.

On special invitation she participated in this year's International Air Show in London. While there, she overcame her shyness sufficiently to face the cameras in this party dress.

Miss Inga Lindgren, the Only Woman Parachute Jumper in Sweden, and One of the Few Aviatrices. She Was Photographed at the Recent Air Show in London.

Found Life in a Meteor

SCIENTISTS have often wondered how the earliest forms of life happened to make their appearance on this earth, millions of years ago. The world they believe, was perhaps once a glowing hot ball, cast off, along with the rest of the planets in our solar system, from the sun. As it cooled, did conditions finally arise that caused life to spring up spontaneously, from no beginning? Or did the germs of life come floating to the earth through the ether from some immeasurably remote region far out in interstellar space, beyond our solar system—in somewhat the same manner that tiny seeds from certain plants are blown through the air from one place to another, in the Fall?

A recent discovery by Dr. Charles H. Lipmon, of the University of California, seems to support the theory that life came to this earth from some distant source, on the fringe of the universe as it is known to astronomers, or from some other solar system beyond the reach of the strongest telescope.

He found bacteria, or germs, on the inside of meteorites that had come to the earth from distances so great that no one could even estimate them.

These masses of stone and metal were first washed with soap and water, soaked in antiseptic, and passed through flames, to kill any earth germs lurking on the exterior. Then they were cracked open, the hearts pulverized and the dust placed on a jelly-like substance in which germs grow best. When later examined, this jelly "culture" revealed germs Dr. Lipman says quite likely originated far out in space, and he found they closely resemble germs that are common on the earth, large amounts that descend to earth, though while but on the outside due to friction of the earth's atmosphere, are cold inside, so that germs on the interior are not killed by heat.

Gadgets That Helped Grandpa—

If Was Worth a Penny or Nickel to Grandpa as a Boy to See the Ballplayer Throw the Coin Into the Catcher's Mitt and Then Into the Bank.

The Figurine Would Gamble If You Put a Penny in His Hand, and in Doing So, Would Deposit It.

WHEN grandpa was a boy, politicians hadn't yet got around to promising and old-age pension to aroused voters, so he had to keep body and soul together long enough to claim it. In his youth he was told that if he didn't look out for his own future by saving his money he was liable to wind up—you too full in the poorhouse. But he had striped stick candy as much as the children nowadays like all-day-suckers. So if his folks were thrifty they probably bought him one of these amusing gadgets to teach him that a penny saved is a penny earned.

Putting money in an ordinary bank is no fun to a child who would rather spend it. But when a coin is inserted into these contrivances they promptly go through their diverting gyrations and saving becomes a pleasure. The four shown here belong to the collection made by Mr. Elmer B. Jacobs, comptroller of the Seamen's Bank for Savings of New York City, and most amusing is perhaps the baseball group.

The penny is put into the back-stretched hand of the pitcher, who at all pains to send a "fast one" over the home plate. Even though he makes no underhand throw, like a girl, he never fails to find the batter, who swings too late, just as the coin clinks into the gullet of the slumping catcher and goes rattling through the slot, down into a compartment, where it is quite safe from prying hairpins or shingle nails.

Then there is the daring young man on the flying trapeze," or maybe it is just a horizontal bar. At any rate, a penny is too much of a burden for him to hang on to very long, and when he has one in his hand he just can't keep still. But he doesn't mind the rise of turning a hole in his pocket by trying to save it that way. Instead he promptly flips over and stacks it into the slot.

When Johnny came marching home again, after the war between the States, whether he wore blue or gray, he doubtless soon learned that nothing gives a man such a comfortable feeling as money in the bank. One way to taught this lesson to his sons was with the sharp-shooting soldier. A penny in the barrel of the cast-iron soldier's gun is fired into the tree stump. A bell rings, the gunner expresses his satisfaction by snapping his head to one side, and the coin plinks into the cashbox.

The American eagle on the figure to the right not only guards the hoard in this bank, but when it bends over with a coin in its beak, flapping its wings, the eaglets rise up as the money drops into the nest, expressing their delight by whistling.

This patriotic idea for a penny bank may have been inspired by the old joke about squeezing a coin until the eagle screamed, but just the same this type was one of the most popular. Once the eagle got a penny in its beak it held on until the coin was safely deposited in the slot. The screaming in this case was the shrill piping of the thrifty little eaglets.

A boy who owned one of these amusing banks was doubtless much better able to resist temptation than one who didn't. The red and white-striped peppermint candy or lemon drops in the tall jars at the corner drug store might be ever so luring. And he might yearn for one of those "frog-sticker" jackknives, which had blades that would scarcely cut anything harder than warm butter, but were mighty attractive, with their polished bone handles and their glittering nickel chains, that could be hooked to a pants button.

But if he had one of these banks at home, whenever he found a penny, earned one, or was given one, the moral struggle against the inclination to squander his wealth was certainly much less severe.

Modern psychologists say that the lessons which make the most lasting impression on children are those they enjoy learning. This being so, the idea of rewarding thrift by making it fun to put pennies in the bank was certainly a good one, and whoever first thought of it must have had a good understanding of child psychology. If there was anything wrong with the idea it was probably that it worked too well—it may have caused children to clamor too much for pennies, as they could see the little figures do their stunts.

—Start Making His Fortune

In fact, there are probably a number of substantial business men today sitting behind batteries of telephones on mahogany desks, and other gentlemen pleasantly engaged in clipping gilt-edge coupons, who will recall how they used to plague the life of their elders for odd jobs that would bring in the coins needed to make these diverting gadgets click and whir.

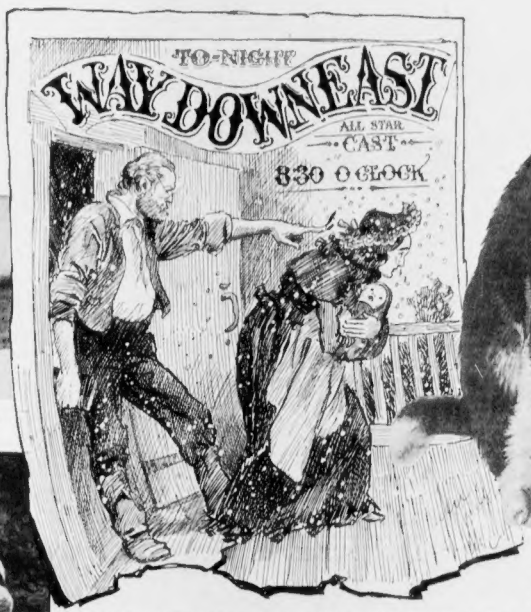
A Civil Wartime Child's Bank. The Coin Was Placed on the Gun and Shot by a Spring Into the Cashbox.

The Patriotic Note Was Preserved in the American Eagle, Which Not Only Deposited, but Guarded the Saver's Board.

Left on the Door-step Like the Baby in the Old Melodramas

"Mother Made Me Get Rid of It," Wrote the Broken-hearted Little Owner of the Forlorn Pup---And Moved a Whole Big City to Sympathy and Tears

The Pup, Now Christened Trixie, and Happy in the Home Selected for Her Out of Hundreds Offered.



Scene From a Revised Version of "Way Down East," in Which, Like Trixie, the Baby Got Further Than the Door-step—But, Unlike Her, Was Ordered Out.

The Little Lady Pup Who Was Abandoned on the Door-step With the Touching Placard Around Her Neck.

Kindly Mrs. Barkley, Who Took In the Pup Found on Her Door-step.

The Door-step of Mrs. Barkley's House at Knoxville, Tenn., Where the Pup's Broken-hearted Owner Left It, Trusting for the Best.

"TO Whom Concerned: Please take care of this dog. Mother made me get rid of it."

It was only a short note, scrawled on a torn bit of paper, but it told a story of tragedy in the life of a child.

The son was not living in Knoxville, Tenn., when a small boy, his hair tousled after a sleepless night and his cheeks streaked with tears, fashioned the pathetic little appeal to someone, to be kind to his puppy.

A few months before, while it was still dark, and the house was quiet, the little boy had stolen quietly from bed, clutched his big-eared, bright-eyed, but sleepy puppy close to him, and slipped silently down the stairs carefully not to awaken his sleeping parents. He turned on a single light, put on his trousers and a shirt, and then washed only.

When he had finished, as bit at the end of the pencil, and decided it would do. It was done. The little boy couldn't put his heart-break into words. He couldn't tell grown-ups just how it is with a boy and his dog. He couldn't tell how sometimes, when everyone was asleep, the tiny, fuzzy puppy had slipped into his room and whined softly until he had pulled her up into his own bed, and his arms wrapped about the dog, both boy and puppy fell asleep through the night.

And so neither can boys, sometimes when mother wasn't looking, he had sneaked a piece of meat from his own plate and slipped it to the puppy, who, ever thinking, and ears perked, its head twisted a bit on one side, sat eagerly at his feet. Nor could he tell how the puppy's tail thumped the carpeted floor.

These were things, he supposed, that grown-ups just didn't understand. And maybe he wondered why it was that there were so many things about little boys that grown-ups couldn't seem to understand. But anyway he didn't wonder at all—not often—at what he couldn't understand. He went as his dog obeyed him, without asking any reasons why.

So he finished the note. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, but a few tears had fallen on the paper, and they only made the story run. Then, the puppy chasing at his heels, he raced down the stairs, and quietly opened a drawer. He found a bit of string. The string that came off the cream wrapping.

He punched a hole through the note with the point of a pencil, looked for a piece of the string for a point, and threaded it through the hole. He tied the note around the puppy's neck, while the dog, thinking it was some new sort of a game, wriggled frantically in his arms, twisting her head at almost impossible angles in a vain effort to get the scrap of paper between her sharp teeth.

Then, silent as his bare feet, the little boy, his dog in his arms, slipped out into the street.

Now here was a situation filled to the brim with the sentimentality of twenty-four-inch boy tears here. It was a Dorothy Dondon, a movie-five scenario writer, who cared the vision and wrote word when the broken-hearted mother, wronged or otherwise, stole through the storm, deposited the baby on some door-step for better or for worse, and stole away again. In the famous old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," it was the father who went out with the baby to lay it upon the church steps. But someone had been ahead of him and left her own baby there, so the father didn't leave his child. He carried back his other baby, and one had two where before had been only one. Then there was "Way Down East," where the unhappy mother never got her baby over the door step inside the house permanently because she was ordered out into the storm by her stern father.

"Sure, tear-jerkers," as they used to be called. Here, it was no baby involved, but a puppy, and its sorrowful owner, without doubt, had never seen nor heard of "The Two Orphans" or "Way Down East," but he was all one with the parents of the melodramas in his feelings. So he trudged the streets, looking for a door-step that would seem to promise security for his pup.

He had to walk a long way. A real long way, so the puppy couldn't possibly find its way back to its master. Nobody was on the streets. He walked through the deserted business district and on into one of the best residential sections in Knoxville. Here were wide lawns and big houses, and surely here there would be someone who would be kind to his dog.

The little boy was sobbing now, and the puppy, its eyes big pools of unhappiness too, licked the salty tears that slipped down the boy's chin, and wondered what the trouble was.

At 1320 Fremont Place, the boy stopped. It was a nice looking house. There were trees around it, and a garden where a dog could bury a bone. On the porch, in front of the door, there was a rug, and after one last hug the little boy set the puppy on the rug.

The little dog was sleepy. So was the little boy. But the little boy had his heartache to keep him awake, while the little puppy couldn't quite understand what it all was about.

So the puppy, the note around its neck twisting in the breeze, fell asleep. And when it was asleep, the little boy smeared quietly away—back across the business section, back through the awakening city, to home.

Mother had said the puppy had to go, and he had obeyed.

A few minutes later a maid in the home of Mrs. F. E. Barkley, at 1320 Fremont Place, opened the front door of the house, and nearly stepped on the sleeping waif. She stooped down and saw the note.

She read it, and picking the puppy up gently, carried it into the house, to her mistress.

Mrs. Barkley was touched. She untied the white string and removed the tear-stained letter. It didn't take any more to tell her of the tragedy that had occurred during the night in the heart of some boy.

Her own voice was not too steady when she telephoned a Knoxville newspaper, and told them about it.

"You see," she explained, "we already have a dog, so we just can't keep this one, too. But maybe some one of your readers would be willing to give it a good home."

So a picture of the little dog with the plea around its neck, appeared on the first page of the paper.

There was an election in Tennessee that day. And over in Spain men and women were killing each other. And in Washington the Government was getting ready to spend some more millions of dollars for something or nothing.

But it was the story of the orphan puppy that people read, and remembered. For the little boy had been wrong. Grown-ups do, sometimes, understand how it is about a boy and his dog, although sometimes they can't do anything about it.

The telephone of the Barkley home began to ring. There were a half dozen calls, then twenty, then fifty. The Barkleys lost count after 200 people had telephoned. The doorbell was next. It was the maid's afternoon off, but she had to stay in to answer the door.

One family, tourists driving back to their home in Michigan, stopped. They wanted to take the orphaned pup back with them.

"Children cried over the telephone," Mrs. Barkley said, "when I had to tell them they couldn't have the dog. Mothers and fathers coaxed. One woman called five times. Dozens of men called, or came to the house. One woman promised she would let the dog sleep in her own bed with her, if we would only let her have it.

"People outdid themselves offering good homes for the puppy. I could have given 500 dogs away if I'd had them.

"Some people told me their family histories, going into great detail to explain just why they wanted the dog, and why I could be certain that it would have a good home. One woman who called wanted the puppy for her twin boys. Some even offered bank, business and social references."

"Please, Lady," wrote one boy, "I lost my own dog. I loved him very much. He was white with black spots. His name was Prince. I cried when he went away. Please let me have the little dog. I will call him Prince too."

The little boy might have had the dog, to replace his lost Prince, if Mrs. Barkley developed that his parents had given Prince away because they had a large family, and couldn't care for them and the dog, too.

"I am a little girl, eight years old," wrote another child. "I have some dolls and a doll house, but I would love the puppy even more. He could sleep in the doll house."

"It is a good thing that I have an extension phone at my bedside," Mrs. Barkley said. "People phoned late at night, long after we had gone to bed, and they started to call again at six o'clock the next morning."

It seemed that most of Knoxville wanted to be certain that the unknown boy's plea "To Whom Concerned" to be kind to his dog, didn't go unanswered.

Meanwhile, the big-eared, bright-eyed waif who was the cause of all the commotion, slept in a basket, underneath the telephone table in the hall of the Barkley home, or romped with the Barkley dog, who, it must be admitted, was rather resigned to her acceptance of this frisky young interloper.

Finally Mrs. Barkley gave the waif to Mrs. George French, a widow, with whom she was acquainted. Mrs. French has a large house, overlooking the Tennessee River, and there is a big lawn, and everything one small dog's heart could desire.

"I saw the picture of the puppy in the paper. I wanted it, who couldn't have—and so I phoned Mrs. Barkley and asked for it," Mrs. French explained.

She has another dog, a valuable and pedigreed bird dog. The orphaned pup's lineage is vague—or even worse. No one yet has ventured to say just what kind of a dog it might be. But the aristocratic bird dog, and the very plebeian puppy have made friends.

Mrs. French named the homeless dog Trixie. The bird dog's name is Trouble. When the American Weekly correspondent went out to visit Mrs. French, and see the puppy whose trouble had an upset most of Knoxville, Trixie and Trouble were playing on the lawn, beneath the trees.

To be exact, Trixie had a death grip on Trouble's bushy tail and was enjoying a free ride around the lawn at a much greater speed than her own small, and still slightly uncertain legs could ever have carried her. Mrs. French's eighteen-months-old nephew, Eugene Collins, Jr., was there too. He has been there most of the time since Mrs. French adopted Trixie.

And so too, have a lot of other people. Even after it was learned that Mrs. Barkley had given the dog to Mrs. French, there were scores of people who still hoped to get it.

"A man from Chicago drove up the other day," Mrs. French said, "and asked to see the puppy. He had read about it."

A number of people have offered to buy the dog. But Mrs. French will not sell him.

"The little boy who gave Trixie up wanted to be kind to her," Mrs. French said. "I am going to see that she has as good a home as a dog can have. I know the boy must have been heartbroken to look at the tear stains on this pitiful little note. I wouldn't give Trixie up for anything, unless the mother of the boy who owned her relented, and said he could keep her."

But there doesn't seem much chance of that. For one thing, no one knows who the boy was. Children in the Barkley neighborhood, who knew every dog for a radius of blocks around, had never seen the puppy before. They have no idea who the boy might be.

People weren't even sure that it was a boy who had named the dog until a Knoxville handwriting expert, who became interested in the case, declared the note had been written by a boy, probably about six or seven years old.

And of course no one can tell why it was that "Mother made me give it up."

Perhaps there were other little boys and girls in the family, for mother to take care of, and the addition of the frisky Trixie was too much. Or, perhaps, with other months to feed, mother knew that even the addition of a tiny puppy like Trixie might be too much of a strain.

There might be any number of reasons. They really aren't the important part of the story. The story is about a boy, and his dog, and how he got a home for her.

And it is a sure thing that, if he reads the newspapers at all, the little boy knows now that grown-ups do understand, and that his plea,

"To Whom Concerned, Please take care of this dog. Mother made me get rid of it," has been answered.

It might be added that the Barkleys, after the busiest few days of their lives, have closed their town house and gone to the country, for a rest.

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Town In Furore Over River Of Money

IT ISN'T easy to visualize a river flowing with money as more than a figure of speech, but the natives of the country near Knoxville, Tennessee recently were faced with just such a phenomenon.

Federal agents now investigating why a river should literally wash down a lot of $5 bills, feel that they know at least part of the answer.

A farmer discovered the currency flood. He was walking along the banks of meandering French Broad River, in the hills of East Tennessee, after flood waters went down. He was surprised to see a $5 bill fluttering in a willow tree. He reached over and took it.

Then he took it to Jefferson County Bank in the village of Dandridge, 25 miles east of Knoxville. He told H. H. Jarnagin, cashier of the bank and the village mayor, of the find.

"Gosh, I never was so surprised in my life as to be able to pick money off a tree," he exclaimed.

Mayor Jarnagin said it was real money, even if it was muddy from the waters and should be replaced by the Treasury at Washington. He, too, wondered how it got there.

But more surprises were in store for the village and for the countryside.

Others began picking up $5 bills. They found them in bushes and trees at the water's edge, on cornstalks, and among rocks at places where the river curved. On tips of islands, too, there was money.

One farmer who had not heard of the finds by others, saw what he thought was a cigar store coupon among the rocks. He paid no attention to it. But a neighbor came along, picked it up, and it was a $5 bill.

The bank sent the money to Washington and the Treasury went out new bills for it. Farmers stopped plowing and went out to pick money off trees. It was more profitable. People in the village joined the treasure hunt. Business grew to a standstill. It was called the "greenback rush of 1936."

Some of the money was taken to the postoffice in the village. But all good things must come to an end. Federal agents began to investigate. They found that all the money bore the serial numbers like the $100,000 stolen in the Charlotte, N. C., mail robbery several years ago. Yes, they

A Farmer Made the Discovery. He Was Walking Along the Banks of the French Broad River When He Spotted a $5 Bill Fluttering from the Branch of a Willow Tree.

decided, the money was evidently part of the Charlotte loot. But they wondered where the money came from. Their theory is that the loot had been hidden in the East Tennessee hills, probably in Cocke County. They hope that part of the money, not washed down, will be found. But so far the mystery of the hiding place is unsolved.

No demand was made for money that had already been turned in for redemption before Federal agents arrived on the scene. If more has been found since then, the finders have kept quiet about it.

But those who pocketed $5 bills are saying that flood waters do have a silver or golden lining after all.

One farmer remarked, to two overalled boy looking along the river banks, "Shucks there ain't no money here. If there is, Roosevelt just pitched it in to give relief folks something to do to find it."

Each of the boys had newly found $5 bills in their pockets, but they only looked at the farmer with twinkling eyes and walked on.

An amateur photographer wanted to take a picture of one of the first youths to find money. The photographer had to walk miles across the hills over rough country to locate the boy. The boy looked at him frowning. "I believe you're a government man," he frowned, suspiciously. He thought he might have to give up what he had found.

And so it went. After the Federal agents began investigations, the folk of the countryside let up on their feverish search. But the Government men did not ask for the return of any money that had been found before they went there—only bills that might turn up after the start of the investigations. For that the early finders were thankful.

The main job of the Federal men was to try to ferret out the hiding place of the bandits—the secret spot where the loot had been cached. They have picked into mountain dens and dales without a trace of it. The River of Money—as some now refer to the French Broad—is keeping its secret well.

The Federal agents do know who figured in the daring holdup of the mails at Charlotte. They know the bandits were members of the Dealie gang, which was broken up by G-men. The gang, too, was known to have connections across the line in East Tennessee. That is how the loot happened to be hidden in the hills. Some of the money was sent to have been spent in Knoxville.

If high water had not reached into the treasure cache of the desperadoes the loot might have been there yet. Perhaps some of it is still there. That is one of the questions which confronts the Federal investigators.

The scene of the "greenback rush of 1936" was along a 30-mile front in Jefferson County and adjoining portions of Cocke and Sevier Counties. Most people believe that the money was hidden in Cocke County, into whose mountain regions bandits were known to have fled in the past. But looking for a treasure cache there is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

The gray mountains like the River of Money, cling to their mysterious secret.

Why Mr. Markus Gave Up Reading News In The Bathtub

SINGING in the bathtub is an old and according to the psychologists, a harmless, even a beneficial habit, but there are other bathtub habits not quite so innocuous. One of them is fooling around with electric lights, which might cause the bather to be electrocuted—and another is the custom of reading while basking in the soothing, refreshing bath.

Mr. Pergo Markus is thirty years old, a stockbroker, and handsome bachelor, and of all the people in Budapest, Hungary, the staunchest advocate against reading in the bathtub—and with good reason.

He has just emerged from a sojence of experiences that developed from the custom; and whenever he decides to come out of hiding and face the joking of friends and neighbors, it is not improbable that he may head a movement for restricting the use of bathtubs to the simple and basic task of bathing.

He did not always think along this line, however. Only recently, he really enjoyed reading his morning paper in the bath. To him it was the pleasure of pleasures, when he plunged into the warm water, stretched himself luxuriously and began to read his paper with great gusto. But this harmless habit, which, after all is the custom of quite a number of people, had extraordinary consequences in the case of Mr. Markus and caused him serious trouble.

One morning the boy who delivered his paper was a little late. Markus had just moved into a new apartment house in Tatra Street, and his small self-contained flat was toiled up daily by a charwoman. She usually came after Markus had already left home so that he prepared his own bath every morning.

There Was No Use Trying to Get Back Into His Own Flat, Because the Door Had Slammed Shut, and the Lock Was Automatic. Mr. Markus Pressed His Neighbor's Doorbell.

He was just about to step into the tub when he heard the short characteristic ring of the newsboy and the faint rustle of the paper which he pushed through the narrow slit under the door.

Anxious to get his morning paper, Markus forgot everything else, left the tap running and dashed into the hall to fetch it, oblivious of the fact that he was totally unclothed. But since he was alone in the flat it did not matter much whether he had clothes on or not.

He was annoyed to see that the newspaper was not on the floor in the hall. The boy had obviously pushed it under the door in a hurry and it had stuck outside the door.

Markus opened the door cautiously and saw the newspaper lying a little way off on the floor of the passage. If he stepped outside, he could just reach it. Deciding that the whole thing would be done in less than a moment and making sure that no living soul was in sight, Markus resolved to chance it.

Holding the door open with one hand, he bent down to pick up the newspaper. But in that moment a blast of wind swept in through the window and shut the door with a bang.

Markus certainly was in a quandary, standing nude in the passage from which opened three other self-contained flats beside his. People might come out at any moment and find him in this absurd state. It was no use trying to get back into his own flat for there—as nobody knew—the door for him. It had a snap lock on the inside. To make matters worse, he heard swiftly approaching steps. Somebody was coming up the stairs. Presently the newcomer would reach the third floor and behold him in this embarrassing attitude.

He had to act quickly. So he pressed the bell of his neighbor's door. This was his only chance because he knew his neighbor but had never met any of the other people living in the house. If any of the lodgers encountered him now, they would think he was a lunatic and call the police—an awkward position for a respectable stock-broker to be in.

Markus hoped to find his neighbor alone for he knew that that gentleman's wife would, in all probability, be away marketing at this hour. He intended to borrow a dressing-gown and telephone to a locksmith who could open the door of his flat for him.

A maid opened the door. Markus did not know that the family had a new maid; she was a frightened peasant girl just up from the country and when she beheld the naked man who mumbled something and wanted to get into the flat, she screamed and banged the door in his face.

People came running up, alarmed by the girl's screams. Presently there was a group of shocked and puzzled men and women around wretched Markus who by now was as red in the face as a lobster and tried in vain to cover his nakedness with sheets of the newspaper which he still clutched in his hand. Absurd as the situation was, he tried in vain to explain. The girl kept screeching, outraged women and the indignant men refused to listen to the unhappy nudist's ridiculous story, still more to believe it. Somebody summoned an ambulance. Before poor Markus realized what was happening to him, it had arrived, two strong men seized him and rushed him to the nearest police station.

Apparently, his story was too simple to be believed. The police official listened to him with a tolerant smile and deliberately told him that he did not believe a word of his yarn. Markus protested indignantly, lost his head, flew into a violent temper, whereupon the officer was convinced that he had a raving lunatic before him. A police alienist expert was summoned to make a mental examination of the man who liked to read his morning paper in the bath.

It was late afternoon by the time the mental expert arrived. He found Markus in a rather gloomy state of mind but otherwise perfectly normal. He was no lunatic, after all, and his story had to be believed. The police inspector's apology was interrupted by fits of laughter. The tragic comedy of Markus, who stood before him, fuming with rage, attired in a constable's spare cloak, was too funny for words.

The chain of the poor man's misfortunes, however, had not yet ended. When he managed at last to open his flat with the help of a locksmith, he had another great shock.

A torrent of water gushed out as soon as he opened the door. He had left the tap running that morning; had left the bathroom door open in his eagerness to get his paper, and the water had been running ever since.

The flat was flooded. Precious books were floating about on the ripples, Oriental rugs were wringing wet, mattresses soaking, furniture ruined, electric fittings short-circuited and the ceiling of the lodger below waiting to be repaired—and paid for.

He told no one about his ridiculous adventure but it has leaked out somehow, as it always does, very likely owing to the indiscretion of his neighbor who fell into fits of laughter when he heard about it. Markus has not been at home to anyone ever since. He does not want his friends to tell him that he is the laughing stock of the city. He has even given up reading papers, in his bath or out of it. He is too scared of reading his own preposterous story in one of them.

Tried To Get Killed In A One-Man Crime Wave

A PORTION of everybody's life is spent dodging peril, and when death or injury threatens, it is instinctive to resort to almost anything for self-preservation. But with Marian James Linden it was different. Although only twenty-two, he took the opposite view and went around trying to get killed—so that his parents might collect $15,000 from an insurance policy. His method was not only bizarre but spectacular. He set forth on a one-man crime wave that ordinarily, would have sent him to the reformatory.

His spree lasted only thirty minutes, but in that time he had accomplished two kidnapings, a hold-up, and a try at a second hold-up.

Instead of the death he courted, however, his bold stroke landed him in jail and drew a three-year sentence in the Nebraska State Reformatory.

Formerly a star athlete at the Scottsbluff, Neb., high school, Linden was injured while playing quarterback on the football team. His injury left him with curvature of the spine and a slight limp.

Leaving high, he tried for two years to make a living, wandering from town to town. He clerked in a department store. He worked in a filling station. He studied English and philosophy in an attempt to become a fiction writer, but found it unprofitable.

During two years of wandering, his parents, living near Amarillo, Tex., sent him sums totalling $1,200. At twenty-two, he found himself a failure, unable to repay the money.

Then, walking along a Denver street, he was held up. A police siren frightened the holdup man, who fled, dropping his gun.

Linden picked up the gun. It gave him an idea. If he committed suicide, the insurance company would refuse to pay the policy, but if he were killed while attempting a hold-up, his parents would be reimbursed.

He went to Omaha, registered at a hotel under an assumed name, and shortly after dark sallied forth on his career of crime.

He first forced his way into the automobile of Iver Davis. He ordered Davis to drive to a filling station, confident that Davis would raise an outcry. He had the tank filled with gasoline, and drove away without paying.

No one offered the slightest resistance. Disgusted, Linden got out of the car and walked away.

Then he got into a car containing two men, Hal Coyle and Charles Murray. At the point of his revolver, he forced them to drive to a liquor store operated by Mrs. Anna Sundblad. Taking the keys to the car, and leaving both men free to call police, he entered the store, held up Mrs. Sundblad, fired two shots, scooped $6 from the cash register and walked out.

Still no resistance. Police, however, summoned by Coyle and Murray, were on his trail.

A short distance away, Linden entered the apartment of E. H. Brandes and threatened Brandes with his gun. Brandes grappled with the youth and held him until police arrived. Police refused to shoot Linden. They locked him up.

In sentencing Linden to the reformatory, District Judge John W. Yeager told him:

"I am afraid you have succumbed to an idea that is all too prevalent among young people today. It is an atheistic, communistic attitude that all life is futile. That is far from the truth. Life is not futile, and you are intelligent enough to prove that for your own satisfaction. It will be harder now, but I believe you can do it."

Prehistoric Germans Liked Beer With Kick

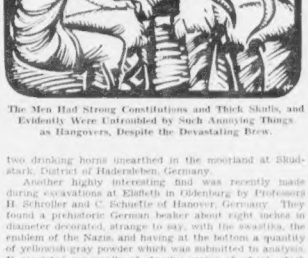
INTERESTING discoveries have recently been made by Professor Johann Gruess, an eminent Berlin scientist, and other German investigators, revealing that the prehistoric inhabitants of Germany liked their beer very strong. The scientists define strong beer as having 8 per cent or more alcoholic content. They would never have stood for prohibition in America's near beer.

Professor Gruess has been examining with his microscope the dregs left in many ancient pitchers and bowls of ten thousand or more years ago, left untouched during all that time owing to the earth that had accumulated over them and only recently dug up. In all these cases pollen from honey-bearing flowers was found among other solid ingredients of beer. This is regarded as evidence that honey was mixed with the beer while it was brewing. It was added to the ordinary beer mash, to give the yeast a more concentrated sugary solution upon which it would work and thus produce a higher alcoholic content.

The prehistoric German brewers did not aim at what the modern brewmaster calls a "pure culture." They mixed in anything that they thought or hoped would produce fermentation and a beer with a husky "kick" to it. The organisms found by Professor Gruess include several kinds of yeast, numerous species of bacteria, molds and fungi, and even discarded skins of lower animals. The ancient brewers did not try to produce a bright, sparkling beverage like the modern brewer, but rather one that was strong and thick. The prehistoric beer-lovers had strong constitutions, good nerves and thick skulls and were probably untroubled by any "hangover" from the strongest kind of beer.

The scientists have found many different specimens in the bottom of these prehistoric beer vessels. These ancient dregs always contain pollen grains from honey-bearing flowers and especially a flower-like yeast which grows in colonies of four cells arranged in flying formation.

The ancient Germans called their beer "pier," or "bier," and had their own characteristic methods of brewing. They were different from the Semitic methods of brewing which originated in Babylonia. The Germans did not use a "beer bread," such as was employed by the Babylonians and other prehistoric brewers, but laid the foundation of their beer with germinating or thoroughly soaked grain, which they placed in water to ferment. All this was proved from the character of the residue of beer found in



The Men Had Strong Constitutions and Thick Skulls, and Evidently Were Untroubled by Such Annoying Things as Hangovers, Despite the Devastating Brew.

two drinking horns unearthed in the moorland at Studstark, District of Hadersleben, Germany.

Another highly interesting find was recently made during excavations at Elsfleth in Oldenburg by Professors H. Schroller and C. Schuette of Hanover, Germany. They found a prehistoric German beaker about eight inches in diameter decorated, strange to say, with the swastika, the emblem of the Nazis, and having at the bottom a quantity of yellowish-gray powder which was submitted to analysis. It consisted principally of starchy grains of wheat which had been corroded by the action of fermentation. It was also proved that the yeast used was made from germinated and crushed grains. In addition to these substances were found fragments of chaff, of cell-walls, specks of beard from the grain, etc.

The fermentative substance was composed of large and small varieties of yeast and several varieties of bacteria—earth bacteria of various kinds, and of rod-like bacilli of the short and long types. Evidently these prehistoric brewers believed in producing a thorough fermentation and leaving nothing out which might contribute to that end.

That they had produced a strong beer in this instance was shown by the presence of pollen grains of various flowers.

Micro-chemical analysis showed traces of fat, which can be separated from yeast. Professor Gruess says that acids from nitrates, or nitrites, were not found, although they would have been expected.

A not less interesting find was made sometime ago by the Hanover Museum, whose scientific workers found a pitcher of the early Iron Age buried in the moorland. The vessel contained a deposit of a coke-like foamy substance. Biological analysis of this substance under the microscope showed, between yellowish transparent flakes, the fragments of a mass of felted, but corroded and half-carbonized starch grains, together with the expected pieces of chaff and also a number of varieties of fermentation organisms.

A beer residue was discovered in this case which apparently was left over from a strong beer, as proved by many pollen grains of fruit blossoms, Linaria, heather and other flowers and also nectar. Analysis under the microscope revealed the presence of a vestige of honey sugar containing from one or two per cent of glucose and about six per cent of inert sugar and also traces of fat. From this the scientists know that this beer must have been similar to English ale, which has always had a high alcoholic content.

A third kind of prehistoric German beer was drunk from the big shallow bowl about four inches high and seven inches wide unearthed by Professor E. Frickhinger of the Museum of Noerdlingen, dating from the Bronze Age. In the bottom were found white specks of gypsum crystallized into needles and stars.

With regard to the fermentation organisms, Professor Gruess says it is remarkable that the same kinds of wild yeast are always found in prehistoric beer vessels. The Bronze Age beer jug causes him to recall that the ancient Greek writer Posidonius said that the Celts made a beer of wheat and honey. Their habits were similar to those of the Germans who used this shallow bowl.

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Blew Bride and Groom Through the Top of Their Auto

Mystery of the Bomb That Was Mailed as a Wedding Present and Killed the Groom and Blinded for Life the Bride as They Eagerly Unwrapped the Fiendish Gift

The Top of the Auto, Showing How the Bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Were Hurled Through It.

The Attractive, Old-Fashioned Farmhouse of the Thomases at Cape Charles, Va.

Mrs. Elsie Thomas, Whose Brief Honeymoon Was Ended by the Bomb Sent Her and Her Husband as a "Wedding Present."

Not Waiting Until They Got in the House, in Their Eagerness to See What Was in the Mysterious Box, the Bridegroom Pried Open the Lid. Immediately There Was a Terrific Explosion, Which Blew Both Through the Top of Their Automobile, Killing Him Instantly and Blinding Her.

WHO sent the wedding present containing sudden death for Curry Thomas, the bridegroom—blindness and perhaps insanity for the bride, Elsie Salmons Thomas?

Federal agents, working on the case in the little town of Cape Charles, Virginia, are trying first of all to imagine who could hate or fear a quiet, inoffensive bride couple enough to build and to send them through the mails an infernal machine so powerful that only by luck it failed to kill many others in the crowded post office. If they can conceive of the motive, they feel confident that it will point straight to the murderer. There is something wrong with every theory so far, making them all seem impossible. Nobody could be fiendish enough to invent and carry out such a plan and yet somebody certainly did.

Neither of the ill-fated pair was young or fascinating enough to excite homicidal jealousy, and both had been married before. Curry, owner of a large plantation at Cape Charles, had always had money enough to escape financial worries even in the depression. He was a widower, and his second bride, mother of two children, had divorced her husband four years ago. From her divorce to her second wedding she had been working in a dentist's office, at Mount Airy, N. C.

Each was the quiet, respectable type of person welcome in any community, and providing no work for the police or reporters. When these two inoffensive lives were joined in marriage, everyone said it was a good match and nothing but good would come of it.

One of the reasons that the investigators disregarded the possibility that the bomb-sending was the act of a madman is that it did not happen at the wedding, though its date was generally known long in advance. A lunatic might have risen up at the ceremony and shot them down or tossed a bomb. He might even have had the ingenuity and patience to place an infernal machine among the presents, but his gift arrived quite a few days after the wedding.

That delay indicates the workings of a cool, thoughtful mind, with no trace of the lunatic's emotional weakness and love for the dramatic. At weddings the house is usually full of friends and relatives, eager to relieve the bride of such interesting work as opening wedding presents. The murderer evidently foresaw that if his arrived with the others, his efforts might be wasted on somebody not worth killing. Even if Elsie happened to open the package herself, there was almost no chance that Curry Thomas would be present also.

So the wedding went off without even a shadow of the tragedy that was to come. The newly-weds were permitted to enjoy their honeymoon, a fact that bothers those who suggest that the crime might be a crime of jealousy. The jealous man or woman who cannot endure the thought of the beloved one happy in the arms of another usually intervenes before the wedding night. After the honeymoon, they rarely bother.

Back in town, one of their first pleasant little tasks to perform together was going to the post office where they had a lock-box. But the fatal present was not in the mail that had accumulated in their absence. The mailer could not be sure that someone on the plantation would not get the package and open it which would mean a murder wasted. Instead, he waited several more days, enough to make sure they were back, and perhaps to assure himself that, rain or shine, they almost always went for the mail together.

On July 25, an extremely hot day, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas got into their new car and went for the morning mail. As usual, the post office was fairly full of men, women and children, all friends of the newly-weds. Mr. Thomas opened his lock-box and found a letter from Mrs. Thomas' mother at Hillsville, Va. Also there was a printed card with a penciled scrawl on it which he knew signified that there was a package, too large to go into the box. Elsie, reading her mother's letter, followed her husband around to the general delivery window.

John Willis, one of the post office clerks, squinted through his glasses at the card, walked away and soon returned slapping down on the window-ledge a rather heavy package, described as about the size of a shoe-box. He handled it rather carelessly, because that its contents been entitled to much respect, it would have been sent by insured mail.

"Ah, a belated wedding present," somebody said.

"Open it up and let's see," suggested another.

"All right," agreed the planter, reaching in his pocket for his jackknife. A dozen grinning friends crowded close, every one of them within a hair's breadth of death or injury. But Thomas gave them all a moment's reprieve. His eye had just caught a return address in the corner of the box, which read, "F. C. Thomas, Richmond, Va."

"I don't know any F. C. Thomas in Richmond, nor any other place. Now who the dickens would that be?" he wondered out loud, staring, with knife still unopened.

"He's the forgotten man, but he remembered you," one of Thomas's friends told him. "Open her up and see what he sent you."

Thomas stopped his staring and was just opening the knife when his bride's pride saved them. She also had noticed that the clerk had asked for no receipt and therefore the present had come by bumble, unregistered parcel-post. It probably was not a very valuable gift and might be so cheap as to embarrass them. Of course men are dumb and never think of those things.

"No," she commanded. "We'll open it at home like all the others."

Her husband joined in the chorus of whys. But she was firm in her explanation of "just because," and had her way. Mrs. Thomas hadn't been married to Mr. Thomas long enough to suggest that one of his relatives might possibly be a "cheap-skate." So when he asked her again in the privacy of the car she told him it was "just sentiment."

Mr. Thomas may have merely thought that women are queer or he may have suspected that the queerness, as usual, covered something else. Anyway, he did not inquire further.

The couple drove out of town and headed toward the plantation, but apparently they discussed the possible identity of the sender of the package and its possible contents. Thomas was certain he didn't know any F. C. Thomas in Richmond, Virginia, or anywhere else. Mrs. Thomas was just as certain. Of course, he might be some relative, but in the South most people keep pretty fair track of their family tree and all its branches, and surely they would know any relative who thought enough of them to send them a wedding present, even a belated one.

Reaching their plantation finally, curiosity got the better of Mrs. Thomas, and they stopped their automobile in the shade of a big oak tree, near the house, to open the package.

Thomas ripped the string off and took off the paper wrapping, discovering that inside was a wooden box. Searching in his pockets, the newly married man found his jack-knife and slid its stoutest blade under the cover of the box. He pried the cover partially off.

There was a terrific explosion. The bodies of the bride and groom were hurled through the top of the car and into the air. The entire roof of the automobile was blown off. The windshield was shattered and glass in both the doors and window was blown out.

Pieces of the bomb ripped their way through the floor and deep into the ground beneath. Others, flying horizontally, tore holes in the car's sides, and still others came out of the hood.

The explosion rocked the nearby house and was heard over a mile away. Detectives said later that the bomb was one of the most powerful they had ever heard of.

Only a few moments after the blast a half-dozen people who had heard it reached the shattered car. The bodies of the newly-married couple were a dozen feet away.

The bridegroom had been killed instantly but Elsie, though unconscious and her face a red mask, was breathing. Leaving the man in the green shadow of the oak, now mottled everywhere with red, those attracted by the explosion rushed the bride to the Northampton - Accomac Hospital at Nassawadox, thirty miles away, but the nearest.

There she still lives and is slowly recovering her strength, but relatives fear that she will lose her mind when they take the bandages from her face and can no longer hide from her the fact that she is blind, as well as that the surgeons could not do very much for her left hand because every bone in it was completely crushed.

They have not dared break the news of her husband's death. She thinks he is injured and in another hospital. Every day the nurses take her messages of love and sympathy, pretend to telephone them to Thomas's imaginary nurse, and invent tender replies from lips that are in the graveyard.

Since the death and mutilation came to them through the post office, it is up to Uncle Sam's detectives to find who did it and persuade a Federal Court to fix him so he won't do it again. As soon as the hospital surgeons thought it safe, Post Office Inspectors B. B. Webb and T. E. Senter questioned the stricken woman gently.

Curiously enough Mrs. Thomas has no recollection of the explosion, though she remembers a sort of premonition of it. After the wrapping had been removed and Thomas started in pry open the cover of the wooden box, it gave out a couple of ticking sounds, which suggested to her mind that she had heard that bomb tick. The next moment of consciousness was in the hospital several days later.

But only bombs with a clock-timing mechanism tick, and this was not that kind. If she is right about those sounds it would indicate that she heard the first movements of the firing mechanism started by her husband's efforts to open the lid. On what they really wanted to know, she had nothing to offer them, no suggestion of any jealous man or woman or other enemy.

Mrs. Thomas was asked about her first husband, John Salmons, whom she had divorced four years ago. But John is a mild sort of man, who was quite tired of his marriage and not unwilling to be excused by divorce from further attentiveness. Since then he has been contributing to the support of their two children and has never annoyed the mother. He was quickly eliminated as a possibility.

Elsie's brother, W. A. Dickinson, a prominent attorney of Cape Charles, says that it could not have been a crime of passion because neither of the victims had any sweethearts but each other. Some of the women of the town think that Dickinson does not know all and some are said to have given the inspectors certain tips on an alleged secret romance that Thomas had been carrying on for many years and was ended by his second marriage.

The inspectors will not admit working on that angle, but they at least considered another one enough to ask Mrs. Thomas if either she or her husband had made any contacts with narcotic sellers. She denied any knowledge of the traffic and all her friends and her husband's bear her out. Dickinson is positive that neither had any connection with the business, but is not so sure that the drug ring may not have ordered their deaths just the same. It might happen to anyone.

Most executives of the drug syndicate have also some legitimate business as a blind, and are considered reputable citizens. If any of these accidentally reveals his connections to an outsider, that outsider is likely to be "rubbed out" before he has time to spread the information. It may be Thomas learned of something like this and was "put on the spot" before he could talk. The well-constructed, powerful bomb had all the earmarks of an organization job.

Some of the detectives who are seeking to solve the bombing, however, are said to lean toward the theory that a secret romance was responsible for it. Even in a small community where nearly everyone knows a lot about everybody's business, it is not impossible that Thomas could have had a clandestine love affair, so carefully guarded as to have been unknown to his townsmen, or, at most, to have been only vaguely rumored. If this is so, and Thomas broke off this affair when he married, it would at least give police a motive for the terrible revenge.

One other angle that police say makes it appear that some local person was responsible for the murder is that the bomb may have got into the post office irregularly. There is no certainty that it came from Richmond, or even that it was regularly mailed in any town. It may have been smuggled into the local post office in some way. Willis remembers finding it perched on top of a pile of the first mail. The explosion, of course, destroyed all postmarks, if there were any.

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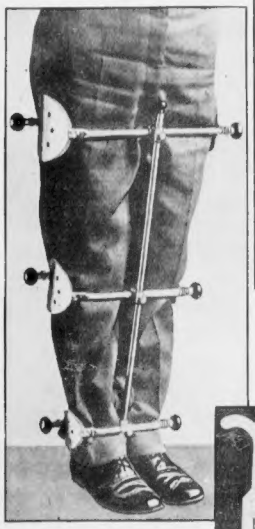
Crazy Things People Buy

Fantastic Fakes, Frauds and Foolish Gadgets That Are Supposed to Grow Hair, Straighten Bow-Legs and Make You Healthier, Happier or Handsomer—But They Don't Work

Millions of Dollars Are Spent by Baldheaded Men in an Effort to Regain Their Lost Locks, and This Is One of the Gadgets That Was Supposed to Do the Trick.

This Strange-Looking Device Was Designed and Sold to Give the Wearer a Nose of Classic Design.



Have You Bow-Legs or Knock-Knees? The People Who Manufacture This Instrument of Torture Declared It Would Straighten the Wearer's Legs Regardless of How Nature Bungled the Job.

By Measuring the Distance Between Pupils, This Device Was Supposed to Diagnose Eye-Troubles.

The "Rope of Life"—A Goldfish Bowl, Some Water, a Sponge, Some Wires and a Couple of Mysterious Buttons Which, When Applied, Are Supposed to Send a Current of Vitality Through the Wearer's Body.

TO the gullible American public spends millions of dollars every year on such fantastic fakes, frauds and foolish fallacies as those shown on this page, and the Postal Inspectors' Office in Washington is busy all the time trying to cut down this tremendous waste by arresting swindlers who sell fraudulent gadgets through the mail. But it's a big job, and a permanent one—for as fast as one crop of humbugs is weeded out another springs up. And there are always a lot of trusting souls quite willing to part with their hard-earned cash for any kind of contraption, no matter how absurd it is.

Few people would buy these silly contrivances if they could see them first. But many are fooled by the glowing promises and photographs that come to them through the mail. So they hopefully send in their money—but after the purchase arrives and they discover it will not work, they frequently turn it over to the postal authorities, along with the story of how they have been duped.

The gentleman in one of the accompanying photographs who has his chin in a sling and a soulful expression on his face is not trying to commit suicide, by some new and ingenious method, as might be supposed from his startling posture. He is a Postal Inspector, demonstrating, in a space-and-motion manner, a "height-stretcher," but he assured the volunteer "demonstrator" is not using it to its fullest extent—far from it. One little tug on the hand grips was all that was needed to convince him he is tall enough as it is, even though he may not tower above his fellowmen. As can be seen in the picture, this apparatus consists of a strap loosely encircling the throat and attached to each cords, which rise beyond the ears, pass over a cushion-topped bar, and down to the hand grips.

To get the best results, so the instructions cheerfully say, the handles should be hauled down until the body is suspended with the toes just barely touching the floor. When a person swings himself up in this manner, his spine is supposed to stretch, and the treatment is "guaranteed" to increase the stature of anyone who is sufficiently courageous, or silly, to keep at it. An inch a month is what the prospectus promises—if a man will dangle from this cozy shaker fifteen minutes a day for six months, and is lucky enough to avoid accidentally hanging himself.

It's a cunning novelty that would have certainly delighted Procrustes, the legendary Greek highwayman who used to bind his victims to a bed and stretch them with ropes until their arms and legs were torn from the sockets. But, according to the postal authorities, few people who bought the "height-stretcher" through the mail got any pleasure out of it, or benefit either—and most of them wanted their money back.

Not everyone agrees with the complacent man in the limerick who said: "My face, I don't mind it, because I'm behind it—it's the folks out front whom I jar." So along with the desire to be taller, one common human wish is to have a neater countenance or, at any rate, to put in all possible improvements. Often the offending feature is the nose. Then what could be more natural than that swindlers should turn to this frequent defect as a profitable source of income?

Medieval executioners never thought of the "nose-screw" as an artistic method of inflicting torture, but this idea has not been neglected by present day sharpers as a means of hoodwinking the public. The promoters who sold the "remodeler" shown here for $5 each made about $125,000 a year, taking in around $500,000 before they were finally put out of business.

This device, they promised, would convert the bulging "schnozzle" of a Cyrano de Bergerac into a John Barrymore profile. Worn according to instructions, with the screws adjusted to suit individual requirements, it was supposed to change a dished, pug or ingrowing snout, a humped, double-dented or drooping proboscis, into "the nose beautiful"—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. But all it did was give the victim a mighty sore beak, perhaps complicated with sinus trouble.

Another appliance that seems to have been borrowed from some ancient chamber of horrors is the "limb-straightener," and people who bought this one for the small sum of $30, and wore it as prescribed, probably did not suffer much more than if they had been torn asunder on the rack or broken on the wheel.

Consisting of an upright steel tube, crossed by three horizontal bars equipped with padded clamps and large knob screws, "quite easy to adjust," this bright invention was guaranteed to be a great boon to anybody who might be ashamed to display unshapely rather extremities in public places. No longer need anyone keep away from the beach or refrain like impulse to join a ballet company merely because of legs that looked as if they had been originally fashioned in a clothes wringer.

—for with this ingenious contraption the most unfortunate under-pinning could be quickly made attractive.

"Both young and old," the enticing advertisement ran, "will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, all bow-legged and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. My new 'limb-straightener' will soon save you from further humiliation and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent."

But did it? Not according to the "testimonials" of the people who complained to the postal authorities. They said all it did was give them throbbing ankles, aching shins and bruised knees, let alone the injury it caused to their bank accounts.

When a man begins to lose his hair he will often spend any amount of money to try to save it, turning from first one "hair-restorer" to another. Two of these are the "hot-spot helmet," which looks as if it might be part of the equipment that goes with an electric chair, and the "rubber sponge binder," which resembles a bandage worn by someone who has been knocked over the head. It would be difficult to say which is the most senseless.

The helmet consists of an aluminum top-piece, like an inverted finger bowl, set on a base of cardboard slit at the back so as to be adjustable to heads of different size. In the dome is an ordinary incandescent light bulb, with blue glass, and this can be plugged into any wall socket. When lighted, the blue-glass bulb is supposed to throw off both infra-red and ultra-violet rays at the same time, and thus restore life to the dormant hair roots and kill hair-destroying germs. The only results to be obtained from it, however, are perspiration and headache, which could be accomplished just as well by sitting with the head under the shade of any common reading lamp. Yet this gadget sold for $9.85 and the manufacturers made about $900,000 out of it.

Less imposing, the other contrivance sold for $15, costing more because along with it went a liquid ointment that was apparently made out of cotton seed-oil, or perhaps it was discarded crankcase lubricant. Wrapped around the head just above the ears and held in place by a strap that fastened to knobs like collar buttons, this rubber sponge holder was supposed to draw blood to bald spots and make hair grow by nourishing the sick scalp. There is no evidence that it did anything at all but make the people who wore it look foolish.

A person with poor vision can usually have it corrected simply enough by going to an oculist or an optometrist. But apparently there are many people who prefer to waste their money on the nonsensical eye devices offered through the mail. Perhaps the silliest of these is the gadget that is supposed to improve the vision by massaging the eye balls. A cup fits over the lid, and by pressing a rubber bulb, the ball can be sucked in and out. This is supposed to build up the vision and cure cataract, glaucoma, trachoma, astigmatism, presbyopia, myopia and pink eye. At first the gadget sold for $25, but when the manufacturers realized what a great blessing it was to humanity they reduced the price to $5, and cleaned up a hundred thousand.

Far more profitable, however, are the gimmicks with which a person is supposed to test his eyes at home and then order whatever type of glasses he needs, or thinks he needs. Profitable that is to the promoters, who have made between five and ten million dollars out of them. One is like an old-fashioned stereopticon slide—that diverting time-killer, which used to be the one and only true rival of the family album, and was kept on the whatnot stand in the parlor, to be used to entertain visitors by showing them three-dimension views of Niagara Falls, all frozen up, and the Taj Mahal by the moonlight.

By moving the slide back and forth until the vision seems to be better, the person using this tester then can note the code number where the indicator is pointing and order the "proper" spectacles. But since most people who needed glasses are suffering from organic defects that cannot possibly be detected by such a method, this gewgaw is obviously worthless. Even more useless is the "pupil measurer," which is made of pasteboard and looks like the sort of masks children wear on Hallowe'en. By disclosing how far apart the pupils are, this is supposed to tell people what is wrong with their eyes and what sort of glasses they should wear.

But the prize of this whole collection is the electric healer, or "rope of life." This is a nickel-plated gadget shaped like a watch, so constructed that it cannot be opened, and apparently containing nothing at all. Two insulated wires pass from it to "electrodes," one to be fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle. When the "heat unit" is dropped into a goldfish bowl filled with water, the action is supposed to begin, and the promoters modestly promise it will cure "practically all diseases, including rheumatism, kidney trouble, whooping cough, diphtheria, yellow fever, pneumonia, measles, sore throat, toothache, seven-year-itch, and fallen arches." And not only that—if the thing was fastened on to a pet dog, cow, chicken, or any other animal it was supposed to cure them of any ailment also. It it had only worked it would have put the medical profession pretty nearly out of business throughout the world.

Another of the Fantastic Hair-Growing Devices That Have Flooded the Market.

This Is Not a Device for Committing Suicide, but a Stretcher Modeled After Ancient Instruments of Torture That Was Supposed to Increase Your Height.

For Bad Eyes, a Suction Cup Much Like the Plunger You Use to Clean the Drains Was Advocated. The Manufacturer Said It Would Do Away With the Need for Glasses.

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Using The Dead To Patch Up Our Bodies

Science Now Makes Use of Eyes, Glands, Blood and Other Parts of Deceased Persons Somewhat as Spare Parts Are Taken From Abandoned Automobiles

ONE refrigerator in Russia is full of eyes taken from human corpses and kept for use in a new operation of eye-front transplantation. In other Russian hospitals are gallons of corpse-blood, also saved to be used for injection into living patients.

In at least two American laboratories living glands taken from dead bodies are being kept in chemical solutions for ultimate implantation in other living bodies that need them. These are only a few of the new accomplishments of surgery to make use of something new among the great wastes in the world, the waste of human beings after they are dead.

Not long ago in London, the distinguished physician, Lord Horder, who recently visited the United States to address the American Medical Association, the League for Less Noise and other organizations, said publicly that no improvement had taken place in the disposal of dead human bodies for thousands of years.

From time to time proposals are made to use dead human bodies for fertilizer or in other industrial ways. During the war, a false report was circulated that German industrialists were using enemy or even German corpses to make oils for lubricating machinery. All such proposals are so revolting to ordinary human beings that they instantly are rejected, yet human bodies certainly are now a waste.

As Lord Horder pointed out, it has been the custom of mankind for many years to bury its dead. Even before the dawn of history savage races built tombs and placed in them the bones of loved ones or of honored citizens, often bathed pathetically in red paint, probably from some dim idea that this color resembled the color of the blood that had ceased to circulate in death. Here and there a few races have been accustomed to burn their dead, in line with the modern custom of cremation.

Still fewer races have consigned their dead to the sea, or dropped them into the mouths of volcanoes or exposed them on towers to be eaten by birds. Only to the very slight extent that dead bodies have been used for medical instruction by dissection has there been any effort really to use them.

Certainly no person about to die could wish for his body in for any part of it a better end than that it should serve mortally for someone else who still is alive.

There already are going around the world quite a few individuals who are seeing, through the fronts of dead people's eyes, as well as many who are living or have lived by virtue of some one else's blood. There are at least a few who enjoy health, if not life, because of some other person's glands.

The basis of these possibilities is that no one dies all at once at the so-called instant of legal death. That instant is when the dying person becomes unconscious, ceases to breathe and does not later revive. After the breathing stops the brain cells and the nerves begin to die within a few minutes, probably not more than ten or twelve. That does not mean that the whole body dies immediately or even for hours or days.

Last year this magazine published a table, based largely on the data of Dr. Albert S. Hyman, of the United States Naval Reserve Corps, of the times that different organs of the body probably stay alive after the supposed instant of death. The heart was given at least twenty minutes after its beating and the breathing stop. The entire eye may stay alive as much as thirty minutes. Parts of the eye like those recently transplanted by Russian surgeons may live much longer. Muscles are given a life of at least four hours, blood cells of about eighteen hours, bones at least three days and skin at least five days. Hair roots and the roots of the fingernails often live a week or more after death, which is why buried bodies dug up afterward so often are found to have startling beards or lengthened fingernails. Hair and nails simply have kept on growing for a time after death and burial.

Even some of the internal organs may stay alive for hours or days. Cells of the liver probably the record holders in this regard, are believed sometimes to live for two days or longer.

All of this makes it possible to use living parts from dead bodies for repair of other bodies, provided the various incidental difficulties of the process can be got around. Outstanding successes already have been obtained with eye fronts and with blood.

Several years ago, in Moscow, Dr. S. S. Yudin thought of this as a means of providing blood for transfusions more cheaply and easily than by use of living blood donors. He found that it worked very well. When healthy persons died by accident or from some disease not affecting the blood, now of no use to the dead individual, that blood was drawn off from the veins before it had time to congeal and was treated with chemicals to prevent its clotting at all. It has been found that this corpse blood is entirely suitable for transfusions.

Such preservation of blood now is a regular procedure. It is drawn off, "citrated," which is the method used to prevent clotting, placed in sterile bottles or other containers and kept in refrigerators until it is needed. Then it merely is warmed up and injected. How long it can be preserved no one knows. Professor Yudin believes that with proper precautions and at a low enough temperature, it may be kept alive and useful for years, just as it already is known that seeds, bacteria and other lowly organisms can be kept alive for many years at similar low temperatures.

The advantage is not only that ample blood supplies are made available for transfusions when necessary, at no expense or damage to living human beings, but also that the corpse blood can be tested thoroughly ahead of time for the blood group or sub-group to which it belongs. Thus there is no danger.

The use of eye fronts from dead bodies goes back to a remarkable experiment performed by Dr. A. von Hippel in Germany as long ago as 1888. Dr. von Hippel happened to have in his laboratory a rabbit, the front of whose eye was opaque, as is true also of many human victims of certain eye diseases or accidents. Giving the rabbit an anesthetic, and operating with all the precautions of germlessness used for human patients, Dr. von Hippel cut away the damaged eye front or cornea and sewed on in its place a new, transparent front taken from the eye of another rabbit. The rabbit got well and was able to see out of the repaired eye, but it was many years before the operation was tried on a human patient.

Surgeons at first used eyes just removed from living individuals. A hospital might have, for example, one patient who had nothing the matter with the transparent front of his eye but did have something the matter with the eye elsewhere, perhaps a tumor of the optic nerve. This necessitated removal of the whole eye, transparent front and all. The other patient who needed a new eye front then was made ready at the same time. One surgeon cut out the living eye. Another surgeon instantly dissected away the transparent front and transplanted it to the eye that needed a new one.

A Russian surgeon, Dr. V. P. Filatov, of the Institute of Experimental Ophthalmology at Odessa, last year decided to find out whether it was necessary to wait for removal of someone else's eye in order to perform this eye-front transplantation. Knowing that the whole eye would live for some time after death, and knowing also of Dr. Yudin's successes with corpse blood, he decided to try corpse eyes also. This now has proved so successful that it is planned to preserve suitable eyes in all Russian hospitals, keep them cold in refrigerators until needed, and then use their transparent fronts to repair the eyes of persons blinded by opacity of the cornea. This happens to be not an unusual condition in most countries as a result of certain eye diseases which produce severe inflammation and etch or corrode the cornea much as hydrofluoric acid etches glass and makes it less transparent.

Spare part replacement of human glands first was suggested in the form of the famous "monkey gland" operation, the idea being that young and powerful glands from apes, or even from living human beings, might be transplanted into the bodies of men who were prematurely aged, in the hope of causing some rejuvenation. Similar transplantations were suggested and occasionally tried with the ovarian glands of women, the purpose again being rejuvenation of women prematurely aged.

For reasons now better understood than they were at first, these gland transplantations were not so successful as many surgeons hoped.

Recently two pieces of scientific work have pointed the way to improving this gland operation by using glands taken from dead bodies, just as Dr. Filatov and his associates are using dead eyes. One of the new facts was reported two years ago by Dr. Harvey Stone of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. The other was discovered by Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, assisted by the famous aviator, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, working at biology for amusement and as a hobby.

Dr. Stone's contribution showed why it was that so many previous gland operations had failed. The gland tissue to be transplanted has to be accustomed in advance to the body which it is to inhabit. One way to do this is to expose the living gland tissue for some hours or days to blood serum of the individual into which the transplantation will be made. Thus the new gland apparently does not feel so strange in its new surroundings and is more likely to take root and grow than it was under the old method of transplantation.

What Dr. Carrel and Colonel Lindbergh did was to devise a special apparatus in which a living whole gland, or probably almost any other organ, can be kept alive for days or weeks.

New glands for repair purposes are not confined to the particular glands involved in rejuvenation of the aged. Physicians and surgeons are far more interested in gland transplantations to cure other diseases. In a recent case also in Russia, a pituitary gland from an accident victim was transplanted into the body of a girl whose body refused to grow and who threatened to become a dwarf. One of the duties of this pituitary gland, located inside the skull just underneath the brain, is to control the processes of growth and development in children.

Only this year, at the meeting of the Association for the Study of Internal Secretions, a name which means study of the chemicals from the glands, Dr. Max A. Goldzieher, of New York City, reported successful transplantation of part of the adrenal gland from a woman who had too much of it to a man who had none and in consequence was dying. The woman was threatened with growing a beard and developing other signs of masculinity effects often caused by disorders of the adrenal glands. The man was suffering from Addison's disease, a condition in which the skin turns slowly to the color of bronze.

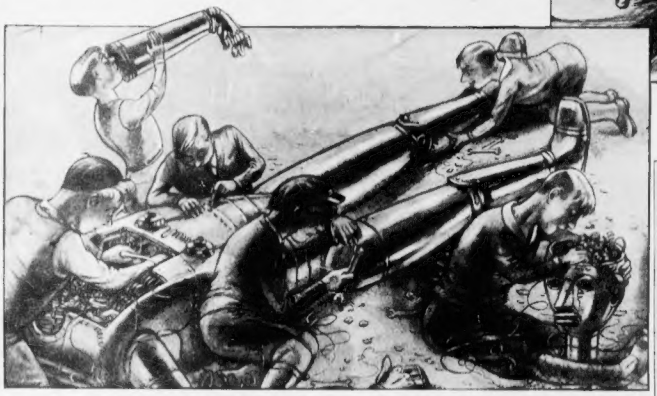
By the double operation both conditions and both patients were cured. Similar implantations of healthy adrenal glands taken from dead bodies may aid doctors of the future to cure many more cases of Addison's disease or of other disorders of this part of the glandular machinery.

Speculative surgeons have figured out that a human being can live and think and even enjoy life without most of the usual bodily equipment. One lung may be removed, half of the brain, all of the arms and legs, both eyes, both ears, the stomach, most of the rest of the digestive system, one kidney, all of the spleen and large parts of the liver and other organs. About the only organs large parts of which cannot be removed without destroying life, are the lower part of the brain, or cerebellum, and the heart. Modern surgeons plan, however, not merely to remove something that is damaged or diseased, but to replace it with a complete and healthy organ, not borrowed from a living person, but from a deceased one who has no further use for it.

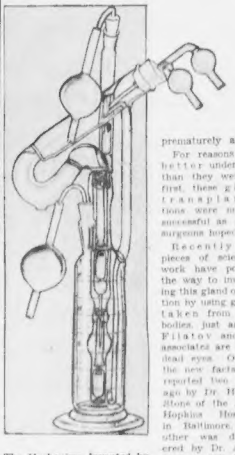
Even transplanted hearts may not be entirely impossible, a damaged one being replaced by a new one taken previously from some dead body and kept alive and working in laboratory storage. It already has proved possible to keep laboratory animals alive with mechanical hearts pumping their blood instead of natural hearts. Nothing of the kind has been tried as yet with human beings, but perhaps the Russian surgeons will add it soon to their other accomplishments in spare-part repair work.

The First Operation Ever Undertaken to Transfer a Part of One Body to Another, the Cornea of the Eye of a Pig Being Cut Out to Replace the Damaged Cornea of the Eye of a Human Being.

A Glimpse of the Surgery of the Future—A Head of an Old Woman Being Taken Off While Robot Surgeons Replace It with the Head of a Young Woman. Drawing by Carlo Farneti, the Distinguished Italian Artist.



The Reverse of the Human Operation. A Gired Drawing of a Robot or Mechanical Man Being Repaired, Brains and All, by the Intelligent Boys of the Future.



The Mechanism Invented by Colonel Chas. A. Lindbergh and Dr. Alexis Carrel, of Rockefeller Institute, Which Keeps Human Organs, Glands, Etc., Alive and Healthy for Days, Ready for Transplantation to Bodies That Need Them.

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LADY, LADY, YOU'RE IN LUCK!—

LUCKY? *You'll say you are—the first time you try those amazing new Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS.** *They're the soap flakes you've always wanted. The* first *and* only *flakes to bring you* real naptha!

KISSABLE HANDS *are soft, smooth hands. So wash dishes, too, with Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS.** *They speed the job — make china shine. Yet keep hands nice because they hold soothing glycerine, the beauty ingredient. And no bothersome dust to make you cough and sneeze!*

TWO OF 'EM! *That's the thrilling thing about Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS,** *too. They bring you two grand helpers instead of one.* Richer, golden soap *and* dirt-loosening naptha *side-by-side! A perfect pair of cleaners in the most amazing crinkly curly flakes you ever saw!*

ADORABLE AS EVER! *Your loveliest undies—your sheerest stockings—come out fresh as new from the kind suds of Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS!** *It's the combination of gentle naptha and better soap that makes these new flakes unusually mild and safe! Use them for everything—no need for costly "special" or "trick" soaps now!*

"MY CLOTHES *smell as fresh as if the wind off the sea had blown on them for hours," writes a pleased user. See what beautiful washes Fels-Naptha Soap* **CHIPS** *give you—try them in your washing machine. Their energetic naptha, working together with sudsier golden soap, make the stubbornest dirt disappear like magic.*

FOR THE FASTEST, EASIEST WASHES EVER— TRY THE FIRST AND ONLY CHIPS TO BRING YOU NAPTHA!

YES! They whisk out the wash in the shortest time ever! They give you the brightest, whitest, sweetest washes that ever danced in the breezes!

No wonder everybody's raving about Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS! The *first* and *only* flakes to bring you *richer, golden soap* AND *gentle, efficient naptha!*

Never have you seen anything like these new chips. They're CURLS! Crinkly, delicate curls that burst into creamy suds at the touch of water. No "sneezy" dust to hurt your nose and throat!

See the box! It's different, too. A handy new pouring-spout in the top. Open it—pour out what you want—shut it again. No spilling or waste. No messy soap spots on the floor. No untidy ragged edges.

You've always wanted chips like these—don't get along without them another day. Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. They're made by the makers of the famous *golden* bar, Fels-Naptha Soap—the soap that banishes "tattle-tale gray."

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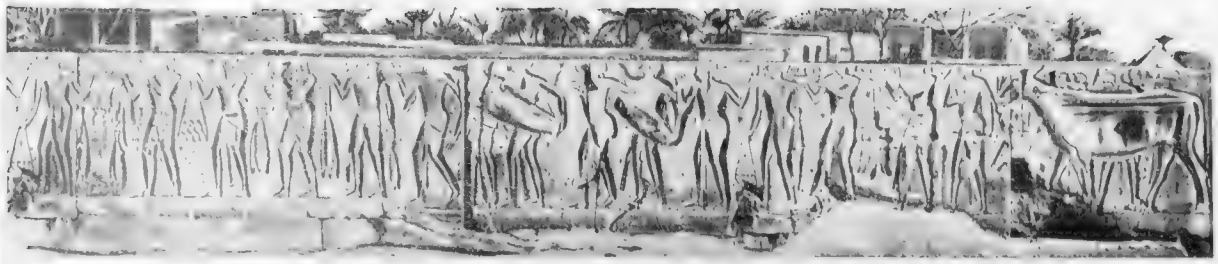
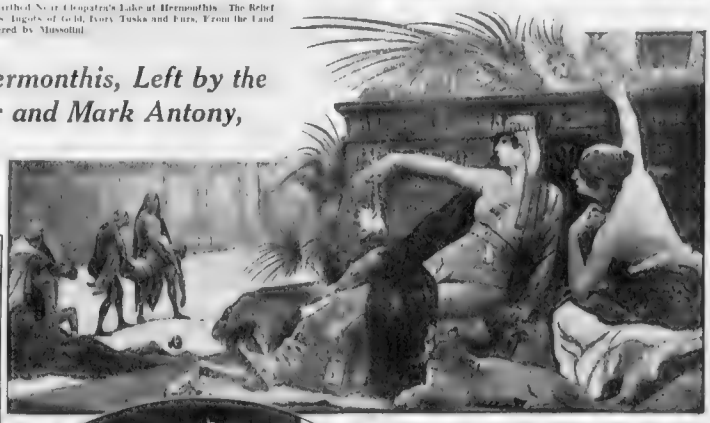
T S L W Cleopatra Fed Slaves to the Crocodiles



Scene at the Temple of Deir el Bahari When Moses Was Born Unearthed Near Cleopatra's Lake at Hermonthis. The Relief Shows Egyptian Soldiers Bringing Back Captives and Ivory, Ostrich Feathers and Eggs, Ingots of Gold, Ivory Tusks and Furs, From the Land of Punt, Which the Pharaoh Built as It Has Recently Been Conquered by Mussolini.

Interesting Relics Found at Ancient Hermonthis, Left by the Capricious Charmer of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony, and the Temple of the Pharaoh Who Reigned When Moses Was Born



Heartless Cleopatra Testing Poison on Her Slaves, Others of Whom She Fed to the Crocodiles in the Lake, Just Discovered, Landing by A Colossal

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT IN ITS *Style and safety*

be comfortable regardless of the weather . . . to be cool in the worst car when it's hot outside . . . to enjoy fresh air without being blown to bits on blustery days.

Then you will certainly want a car with a Body by Fisher . . . one with Fisher No Draft Ventilation, to scoop in fresh air and circulate it without creating an uncomfortable draft.

You'll find just such cars among those in the General Motors family . . . simply visit any dealer who sells the

Ask your dealer the price you can get on your present car and what he will allow on it. Then see what you get for the difference. You'll be surprised how much extra value there is in a General Motors car. Especially a Body by Fisher.

THE MARK OF THE MODERN CAR

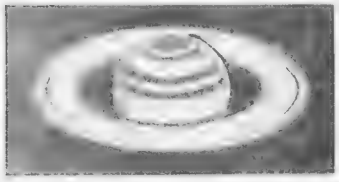
ONE-PIECE SOLID STEEL **"TURRET TOP,"*** *BODY BY* *Fisher*

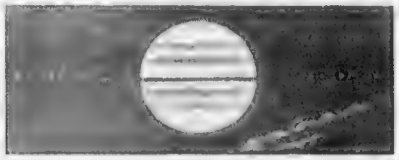
ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

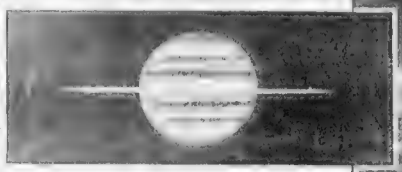
*Registered

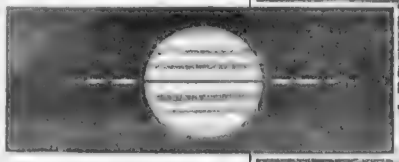
S W R V F H E

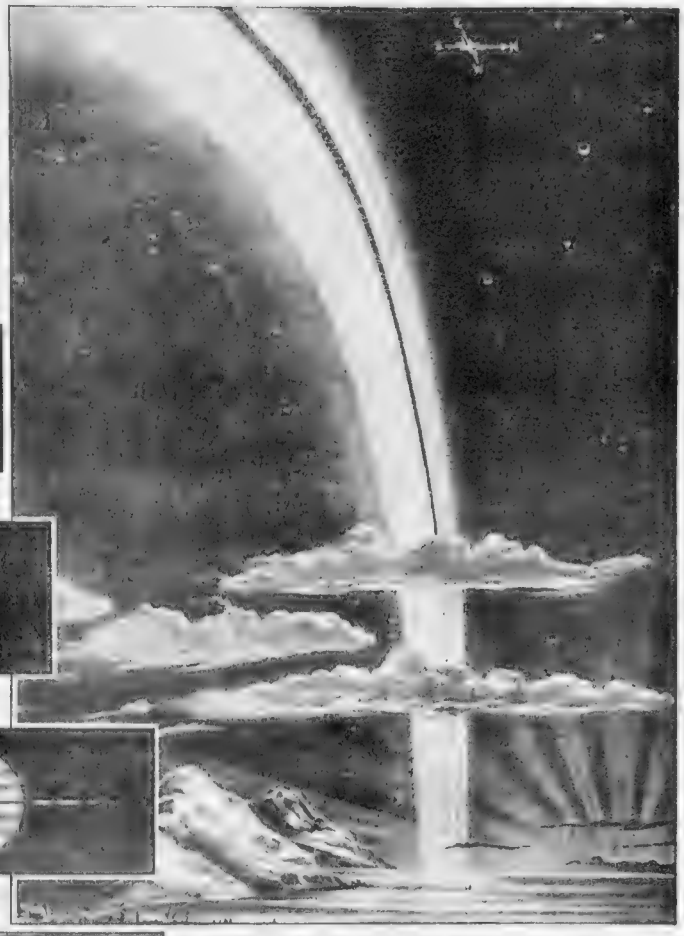
Once in Every Fifteen Years the Millions of Little Moons That Encircle the Planet Disappear From Earthly Sight

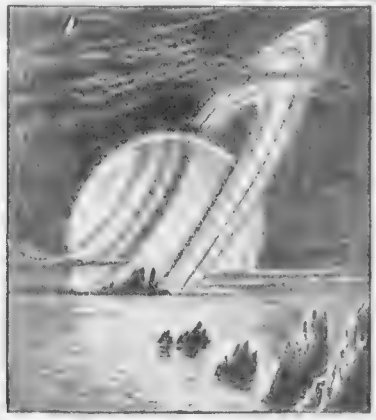












"GOOD LUCK MAJOR BOWES" SALE

Prices lowest in History!

DON'T MISS THIS BIG COFFEE SAVING...

• Coffee lovers all over the country! We are asking you to join us in wishing luck to genial Major Bowes who has for so long presided over the work of helping the amateurs.

In recognition of Major Bowes' services, we are celebrating with a gigantic "Good Luck to Major Bowes" Coffee Sale!

All *you* have to do is take advantage of the lowest *Dated* Coffee prices in history!

You know *Dated* Coffee is an unusual coffee value at any time, because of its marvelous freshness and the economical bag.

Now—in our "Good Luck to Major Bowes" Sale—we are making it possible for your grocer to give you this superb coffee at a new low price for all time! Don't miss these wonderful new savings—at your grocer's now!

• • •

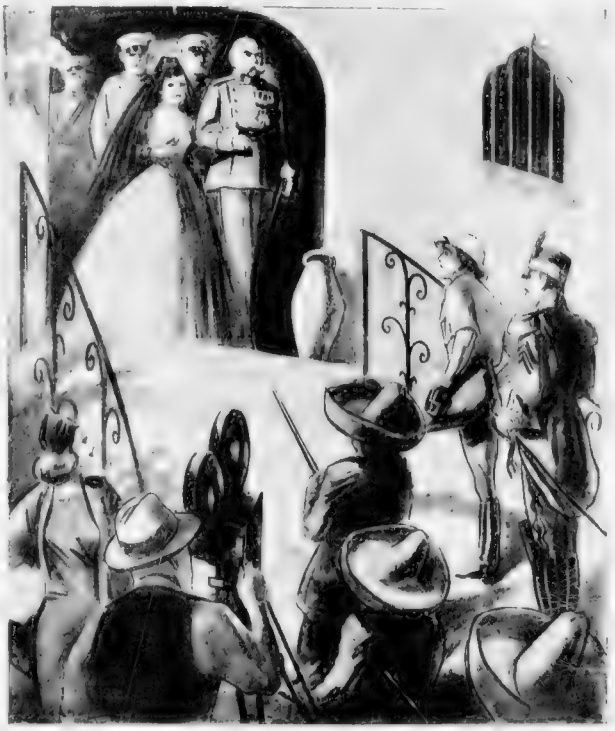
Help give Major Bowes a grand send-off . . . and enjoy fresh, rich *Dated* Coffee at a record saving by asking your grocer for a pound of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tomorrow! And listen in every Sunday evening over the N.B.C. Red Network to Chase & Sanborn's new program, the "Good-Will Court."

Made to Order by Edwin C. Parsons

In Which a Revolution and a Motion Picture Lead to Love.

Complete in This Issue.

T



The Revolutionists Gather the ex-President's Party Together Upstairs, and at a Signal From Blount They March Down the Grand Stairway.

Q H N P

Nightbirds of Paris

There Is No More Fantastic Figure Than Raymond Duncan, Brother of the Late Isadora Duncan, as He Parades the Streets with Long Hair, Wrapped in a Greek Robe Bare-Legged and Wearing Greek Sandals. This Photograph Shows Raymond with His Wife and a Boy Dressed in the Greek Fashion, Pushing a Modern Baby Carriage.

Madame Bijou, "Queen of Dan... Outfit of Imitation Jewe...

"Georges," of Montmartre, Always Dressed as an Eskimo and Carrying a Big Basket of Peanuts Which He Pushes. He Is a Poet, Philosopher and Astronomer as Well as Peanut Seller.

"Cirage" and Marguerite Pouteau Wearing the Royal Crowns as King and Queen of Hard Drinkers. This Pair Can Guzzle More Liquor Than Any Other Man or Woman in the Paris Night Life Cafes.

P

Montparnasse are more ... Wee Koung, prophet and ... His skin is tanned as ... stained at the elbows, while ... a meteor ... Koung goes barefoot, and, ... often flings a son-piece ... hurries away, as if to show his ... But he is not so indifferent ... when Winter comes. Then he ... wine-shops and ... one hundred francs a day selling ... Koung dresses back in ... the reason of ... Montparnasse attacked the ... and Koung was left for ... was picked up by two ... after a fatiguing ... of Kara-Koroum, where ... On leaving the yellow- ... permit in the Himalayas, ... honey and the precepts of ... Koung has confined his peregrina- ... and tried to convert its inhabitants ... Amulets are his stock-in-trade, but, ... he has let himself out as an ... Florence he posed as Leonardo da ... for film companies. In ... declared a "find" by Professor ... the anthropologist who discovered ... woman." Of late, the ... attempted to persuade Paris' ... way with desire, to em- ... Savana and not their lovers ... in the art of self-

A nocturnal rambler not ... Turkestan vendor of talisman ... Montmartre. Though seventy-two ... nor rain, nor the malediction of the ... as if he were in a dream, wholly ... swinging in their orbit ... and clouds. This wanderer ... fantasies real ... and claims to direct ... the spirit.

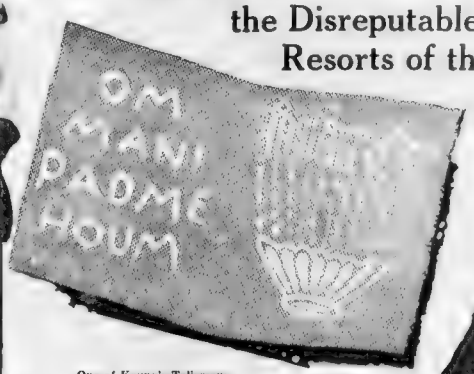
Yet George ... material and ... reparation of the ... he sells ... particularly hungry ... Indeed, he is proud ... presented him by the ... circus, in 1923, when he ... only with some of his ... cigaret-papers, like Villiers de L'Isle-Adam.

George ... Alaska assigning himself ... No producer has dreamed of ... the author was so confident ... rigged himself out in a ... by a costumer) and ... the title of the "Eskimo of Montparnasse." ... Yon-Lug—a wag in ... populace by disporting ...

There ... Macbeth ...

Extraordinary Costumes, Habits and Doings of Curious People From All Over the World Who Haunt the Disreputable Streets and Night Resorts of the French Capital

Mlle. Pierrette, a One Legged Venus, Patrolling Her Beat Near the Madeleine.



One of Koung's Talismans.

The Oriental Philosopher and "Wise Man," Soun Won Koung, Who Sells Talismans and Good Luck Charms. He Takes Himself Very Seriously.

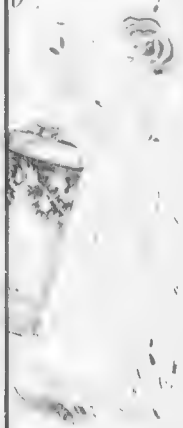
"The Marchioness," Who is Really a Woman Although She Wears a Mustache and Looks Like a Man. She Earns a Living by Going From One Night Resort to Another, Entertaining Patrons With Her Grotesque Grimaces.

...ends. Pierrette Sweeps Her Beat in the ...s Which Are One ... Her Legs.

...When Ernest comes ...ffers us from the other end ... the same com- ... patrons give generously, ... talent. They have not ... table-talk and street- ... a song without ... comment, a clever ...

... a miller's ... here, ... Montmartre" a ... Seine ... and other ... ed out of ... followers, ... They have ... ...

It's raining flowers!



CHERAMY
April Showers Talc

Exquisite—but not Expensive

Made to Order

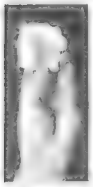
In Which a Revolution and a Motion Picture Lead to Love.

By Edwin C. Parsons

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM
ATHLETE'S FOOT?
TRY TOGO!

TOGO

'WASH' YOUR FACE THIS NEW WAY



• SPECIAL OFFER •

AMBROSIA

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Half & Half is a safe combination for *any* pipe. Cool as a bank teller beaming your ten-spot. Sweet as his look that means it's okay. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—no resin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process—including patent No. 1,740,920. Smooth, cool. Make your pipe welcome anywhere. Taste good. Your pet word to please one!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin which fits smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bite in fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Polish Teeth Safely, 60 Times for 25c

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

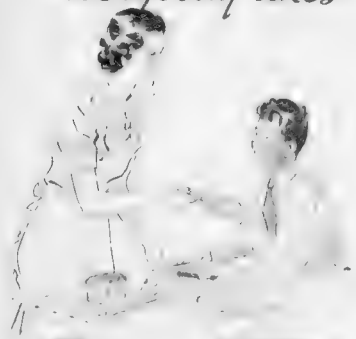
A remarkable cheese food... this VELVEETA created by Kraft

Digestible as milk itself

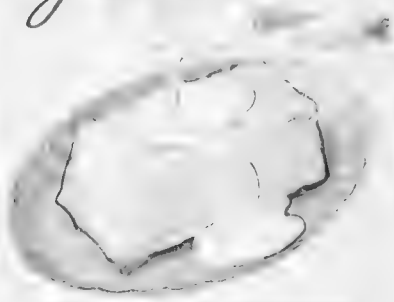
Rich in nutritional elements children especially need

While Velveeta is a delightful addition to grown-up menus, it is especially needed by children. These important nutritional statements about it are made on the authority of the Food Committee of the American Medical Association. ✓Because of its calcium and phosphorus content, Velveeta is a tooth-and-enamel-saving food for growing teeth and bone. ✓Velveeta is a good source of Vitamin A. ✓The protein in Velveeta is practically complete for building tissue. ✓Plain or cooked Velveeta is digestible as milk or egg. ✓Purposely sized and packaged right to keep completely protected until you open it in your kitchen.

A mild, delicious cheese flavor everybody likes



For a sauce just melt it!



Toasts in 45 seconds!

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY

Kraft

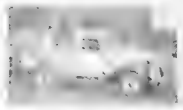
FREE! THE NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

Queer Human Nightbirds of Bohemian Paris

TODAY'S TRUCK NEWS

1½-TON DODGE NOW $505

THOUSANDS FLOCK TO DODGE DEALERS FOR FREE GAS TEST!



500

585

690

10% DOWN PAYMENTS LOW MONTHLY TERMS

$370* *AT FACTORY, DETROIT, MICH.

— DEPENDABLE —

DODGE TRUCKS

Made to Order

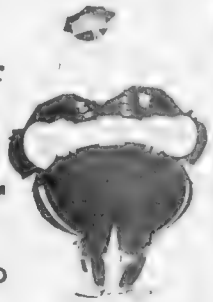
By Edwin C. Parsons

Keep your car up to par with

PENNZOIL

TOUGH-FILM OIL

reduces costs, too



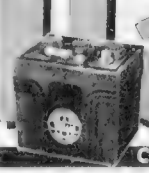
Willards cost less to own

Because they last longer . . . don't let you down

ARE ALL THE CROSS LINES PARALLEL?

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard



WILLARD'S COST LESS TO OWN

The pause that keeps you going

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

At Fountains

In Bottles

When you need to keep going, it's a good idea to pause. A better idea is to [illegible] *that refreshes.* Just add ice-cold Coca-Cola...from a thin, cold [illegible] fountain when you're downtown or a frosty bottle from your [illegible] when you're at home. Such a pause provides a fresh start.

p. s. Delicious, ice-cold Coca-Cola is what refreshment ought to be,—pure and wholesome.

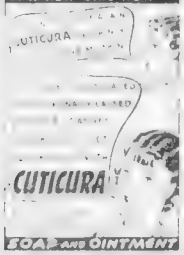
A drink so good by itself is the natural partner of good things to eat. It makes lunch time refreshment time

The pause that refreshes

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10 Years Younger

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

Clear All Broken Out
CUTICURA
A NEW GIRL NOW



"Out of oil again?"

YOU Need
SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS, PISTONS
PISTON EXPANDERS
PISTON PINS, VALVES
CYLINDER SLEEVES
This Booklet FREE
Name
Street
City

said Lanning. "I'd better ... driving her to a hotel.

... y this was hardly cavalier ... y girl. But cousins and brothers are like that. "Professed had no sisters or ...

If ... will allow me," he ... Monica with rather too ... to his voice. "Oh, ... Miss Vane. I haven't ...

... was the time for telling ... again but Tred- ... I'll ... Monica's coat for ... about your Peiera ... but this other thing seems important, too.

"It ... all," Lanning ab- ... I'll go back ... Miss Vane, smoothed the ... of her coat. "I ... any more trouble," ... please call a taxi."

Lanning paid no attention to that.

What about this fight?" he wanted to know. "Who somebody ... this of those ... borrowed apartment ... meeting of a good time ... hurt." Monica asked ... he wasn't hurt, Lanning ... Mr. Tredwell says ... so he couldn't ... Tredwell brushed past ...

If ... will call the taxi ... said Lanning ... Tredwell said with ... face. Did she think ... and ... group her? ... after you, Miss Vane ... me. My car's out- ... I saw you anywhere you ...

...

FREE this new STYLE BOOK for STOUT WOMEN

The Same Smart Styles that Other Women Wear

Lane Bryant

Dept. NW 39th Street at Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

Two Other FREE Books

STAGE STARS, TOO, say...

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"I am delighted with Marvelous Patrician type."

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For sale at all Drug and Toilet Goods Counters. Professional applications at Barber and Beauty Shops.

Dear Discouraged:

Life still has shining hours for you!

Send for generous trial supply

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

CHAPTER VI.
Identification

THE door [illegible] was a little open [illegible]

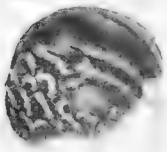
Heavy silence pressed [illegible] a breeze to pass through. [illegible] ing and every tap of the [illegible] door battered in unison [illegible] ed. It became clear that this was a library, a room [illegible] with books, [illegible] a gloomy, [illegible] certain massive [illegible]

Standing [illegible] walls were [illegible] were [illegible] decorative [illegible] room [illegible] house is a pass [illegible] ing a palace and [illegible] without being [illegible] time [illegible] rich of others. Whoever he [illegible] desire.

The absence of that [illegible] that Irene was [illegible] Had he wanted [illegible] to be? To say the [illegible] of the [illegible] hidden [illegible] with a white sheet

[illegible] [illegible] had expected a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A CRIME to let GRAY HAIR ROB



"FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR"

STRANGE PORTRAIT

COSTS NOTHING TO GET Complete INFORMATION

"I despise that powdery look in strong light"

Pond's cream base + powder = lovelier complexion

POND'S

Threads of Sand

A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

By Richard Carol

For a While Sandawi Just Stood, Staring Down at the Huddled Form

Amazing New 2 Minute OATMEAL FACIAL FOR ROUGH-DRYNESS BLACKHEADS, OILY SKIN, COARSE PORES!

LAVENA

The 2 Minute Oatmeal Facial

Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

by BLACKSTONE

World's Foremost Magician

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS

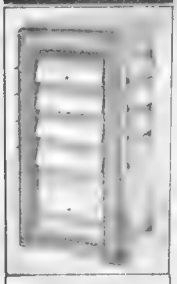
M W & M C

CHAPTER VII
The White Beret

T

Continued on Page

Modern OIL HEATING STOVE HAS 5 big advantages



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1
2
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5

Send for Free Booklets

SUPERFEX
Oil Burning HEATERS
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

STAR
BLADES
their keenness never varies

If your dealer can't supply you mail 10c for 4 blades to Dept. AW, 11 Star Blade Division, Johnson St., Branch No. 3
FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS 4 FOR 10c

Help your dentist—
give your gums more exercise
Switch
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE
today

Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

M W E M C

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

SUE DISCOVERS NON-THICKENING POLISH!

Am I mad! Started to do my nails and found my polish all thick and gummy!

You mean GLAZO doesn't thicken in the bottle?

GLAZO RUSSET!

GLAZO

...and make him big... and strong..

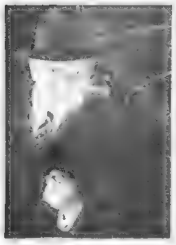
Now your baby can thrive on LIBBY'S BABY FOODS—they're

DOUBLE* SAFE!

1 *SAFER

2

Libby's HOMOGENIZED** BABY FOODS



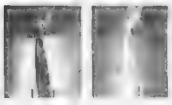
"I want a Genuine Purolator Oil Filter"

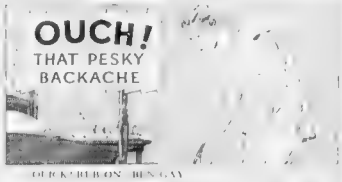
Why Cleopatra Wore Red Finger-nails

Being a Discussion of the Psychology of Color in Make-Up

M

Made to Order *By Edwin C. Parsons*





QUICK! RUB ON BEN-GAY
NO MORE STABBING BACK PAIN

BAUME "BEN-GAY"

PUROLATOR

TO OWNERS OF FORD V-8

I CAN PATCH THIS TOP with PLASTIC WOOD

PLASTIC WOOD

HEAT 1½¢ Per Hour!

AGENT DAY TRIAL

"Let Camay help your skin to *Lasting Loveliness*"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WASHINGTON BRIDE

CAMAY

Camay . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Recipes for the Youthful Cook

Pecan Patties: One cup light-brown sugar, 2 cups white granulated sugar, ½ tablespoons light corn syrup, ¾ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup water, 2 teaspoons maple flavor, 1 cup pecans coarsely chopped, ½ cup pecan halves. Combine all ingredients except nuts and cook to boiling saucepan to soft ball stage (236 deg. C.). Cool. Add chopped nuts. Beat until stiff and creamy. When mixture is stiff drop from spoon onto buttered sheet in patties about 4 inches each in diameter. Press pecan halves into top of each patty. Candy should stiffen immediately. Wrap each patty in wax paper. Makes 12 pralines.

Praline Cookies: Two tablespoons butter, ½ can sweetened condensed milk, 1 can-cane, 1 egg slightly beaten, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 cup pecans finely chopped, ½ teaspoonful vanilla, place the unopened can in a saucepan of water to cover and keep at boiling point for 3 hours. This may be done in the pan along with other baking, or on top stove burner while cooking potatoes, etc., in the cooking water. To make cookies, cream the butter and add the caramelized milk. Add egg and flour and beat thoroughly. Add nuts. Drop by spoonfuls onto a buttered baking sheet, allowing room as they spread greatly during baking. Bake in moderate oven, or at about 350 deg. for 10 minutes, or until an even light brown. Remove at once from pan. Place on wire cooler rack to become crisp. Makes 24 large round cookies.

Nut Macaroon Cookies: Two egg whites, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup shredded coconut, cut fine, 1 cup Brazil nuts chopped. Beat egg whites until heavy. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in lightly the chopped coconut and chopped nuts. Drop from teaspoon on heavy ungreased kraft paper. Bake in slow oven, or at about 250 deg. for 20 minutes or until delicately browned. Makes 30 cookies.

Rolled Coconut Cookies: Two cups moist shredded coconut, ½ cup heavy cream, 2 cups sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 egg, unbeaten. Add ½ cup coconut to cream and let stand. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and sift twice. Cream butter and add sugar, beating thoroughly. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with cream-coconut. Chill. Roll very thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 3-inch fancy cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet and sprinkle with remaining 1½ cups coconut. Bake in hot oven, or at about 400 deg., from 12 to 14 minutes until delicately browned. Makes 20 medium cookies. May be decorated with nutmeats, raisins, small red cinnamon drops, etc. Pack in tin and store in cool place.

Malted Milk Ice Cream: Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup water, 4 tablespoons malted milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup heavy whipping cream, Blend condensed milk, water, malted milk, and vanilla thoroughly together. Chill. Whip cream to a foamy, fluffy thickness and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray. After mixture is half frozen, remove and scrape from sides and bottom of pan. Beat smooth, and replace. Finish freezing. Serves 6.

Carol's Chocolate Refrigerator Dessert: Two squares unsweetened chocolate, 1½ cups sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, vanilla wafers. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add condensed milk and stir 5 minutes until smooth and thick. Add water and vanilla and beat well. Line oblong loaf pan with wax paper. Cover bottom with thin layer of chocolate mixture. Line layer of wafers. Repeat, having top layer of wafers. Chill 12 hours or longer in refrigerator. Unmold, remove paper and cut in crosswise slices. Serves 8.

Fruit Refrigerator Cake: One and one-third cups sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup quartered or sliced fruits (canned pineapple diced, strawberries or cherries may be used), 24 fresh delicate vanilla wafers. Blend milk and lemon juice. Add fruit. Line shallow fresh pan with wax paper. Lay in mixture, alternating with layer of wafers. Repeat. Chill 4 hours in refrigerator. Unmold, remove paper, slice and serve with topping of whipped cream and a few whole fruits. Serves 8.

Cranberry Bran Muffins: Two eggs, ¼ cup milk, ½ cup bran flakes, 1½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup canned cranberry sauce, 4 tablespoons butter, melted. Beat eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add milk and bran flakes and let stand. Mix flour, baking powder, sugar and salt and sift twice. Melt shortening in muffin tin. Add cranberry sauce and melted shortening to egg and milk mixture and beat well. Add flour lightly, not beating after flour is added. Have muffin tins well greased and very hot. Fill two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven, or at about 425 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 8 large muffins. Ramin or canned crushed pineapple, drained, may be substituted for the cranberry sauce.

Old Ella's Waffle Recipe: Four level teaspoons baking powder, 2 level cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, separated, 1½ cups milk, 4 tablespoons melted butter. Mix baking powder, flour and salt and sift twice. Beat egg yolks until lemon-colored and add with milk to flour mixture. Heat butter in waffle iron. Add to batter, mixing thoroughly. Have waffle iron quite hot and pour in batter lightly into middle, but do not beat. Pour from pitcher into heated waffle iron. Makes 6 full-size waffles. Serve with syrup, butter, butterscotch or chocolate sauce, or vanilla ice-cream. Or serve with creamed chipped dried beef, or creamed frankfurts sliced thick across.

Chipped Frankfurts and Waffles: One can cooked skinless frankfurts, 3 cups thin white sauce, salt, pepper, waffles, parsley. Drain frankfurts and cut into thin crosswise sections. Heat white sauce, season with salt and pepper and lay in sliced sausage, serve generous portion in center of waffle. Garnish with parsley.

Novelty Spice Gingerbread: Two eggs, ½ cup light brown sugar, ½ cup dark molasses, ½ cup melted shortening, 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 2 teaspoons powdered ginger, 1½ teaspoons powdered cinnamon, ½ teaspoon powdered cloves, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup boiling water. Whipped cream. Beat eggs add to sugar, molasses and shortening and beat thoroughly. Sift twice together flour and all other dry ingredients. Add to first mixture. Add hot water. Bake in shallow square pan, in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for from 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares and top with whipped cream. Serves 9.

Aunt Mary's Date Cake: Half a pound or 1 cup dates, stoned and cut into three pieces each, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 cup hot water, 2 cups granulated sugar, ½ cup (scant) butter or other shortening, 2 eggs, well beaten, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups flour, grated nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnuts or Brazil nuts. Place cut dates in bowl, add soda to hot water and pour over dates. Cool. Cream sugar with shortening, add beaten egg and beat thoroughly. Add date mixture, the vanilla and the flour sifted with nutmeg and the flour sifted with salt. Beat together. Add nutmeats. Pour into shallow square pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cool in pan. Cut into small squares or narrow fingers. This makes a moist fruity cake which keeps excellently.

Everybody's Cocoa: Four tablespoons cocoa, ¾ cup granulated sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups evaporated milk, grains salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 marshmallows. Blend cocoa with sugar and stir into boiling water. Bring to scald and stir well. Add salt. Add milk and heat again, but do not boil. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Whisk rapidly with rotary beater until it becomes frothy. Pour into cups and add 1 marshmallow to each cup. Makes 4 cups. (Fresh milk, of course, may be used.)

Luncheon Goodies: Half a pound graham crackers, ½ pound dates, stoned and sliced, ½ pound marshmallows, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup evaporated milk. Roll crackers fine, reserving out ½ cup. Chop dates and cut marshmallows into small bits. Combine.

Luncheon Treats: Thirty-six graham crackers, rolled fine, 1 cup stoned dates, sliced crosswise, 30 marshmallows, cut into small bits, 1 cup walnut meats, chopped, 1 cup evaporated milk. Spread ½ cup of crumbs on bottom of layer cake pan. Combine all other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Press out mixture to fit pan, rolling it in crumbs. Chill overnight in refrigerator. Cut into squares and wrap in wax paper. Makes about 40 squares.

Fried Oysters: Fine cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, 1 beaten egg, large frying oysters, cooking oil. Drain oysters on tissue paper. Sprinkle cracker crumbs on board. Roll oysters in crumbs, then dip into egg and roll again in crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Set to chill in refrigerator. Bring cooking oil or fat to moderate high heat and lay in oysters, using a skimmer to let them down into the fat. Allow plenty of room for oysters to fry evenly. Cook 2 minutes or until golden brown. Drain on tissue paper. Serve at once on very hot platter, with catsup and shredded cole slaw on the side.

EDGEWORTH Junior
TOBACCO for pipe or cigarettes
Do you KNOCK OUT YOUR PIPE half way down?
NEW TOBACCO SWEET TO THE LAST PUFF
● The pipe-smoker's dream comes true! Today there's a new, free-burning tobacco that stays sweet all the way down to the last puff in the bowl of your pipe. It's Edgeworth Junior—a new cut, a new process, as mild as a 1936 cigarette. Get more smoke for your money, and more smoking satisfaction, with EDGEWORTH JUNIOR.
Notice: There's an Edgeworth for every smoker. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice for the sturdy pipe smoker; Edgeworth Junior for the pipe and cigarette smoker.
50¢ SILK TOBACCO POUCH 10¢
—and one inside white parchin wrapper from one tin of the new Edgeworth Junior. We're offering these regimental-striped silk pouches just to persuade you to try the new Edgeworth Junior. Offer good only 30 days after this advertisement appears. Use coupon at the right—today.
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Larus & Bro. Co. Dept. 31, Richmond, Va.
Enclosed find 10 cents and one inside white parchin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Junior for which send me a regimental-striped silk tobacco pouch. (Only one to a customer.)
Name
Address
City State
This offer good only through October 17, 1936

Get at that

Faulty Under Skin

Miss Dorothy Day, New York: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

HORRID SKIN FAULTS are usually *underskin* faults.

Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked. They give off a thick, clogging oil. Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger. Dirt settles in them... Blackheads!

And when those mean little lines begin to show up around your eyes, your mouth—it's your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt... Floats it out... and with it comes the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes show up less and less.

Get a jar today. Begin the simple treatments at the right. In two weeks, see your skin lovelier—end worrying about skin faults.

Where skin faults begin. Cross-section showing tiny underneath glands (arrow). Heed warning when outer skin good or bad. When inner condition goofy, skin looks stuff.

REMEMBER THIS TREATMENT
—it will help to clear your skin of common faults

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly.* Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

EVERY MORNING, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will step coming. And the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

Threads of Sand

By Richard Carol

(Continued from Page 23)

her voice the key to a new world—and she was mad. His hands played at desperation for levers to open the rocking demon that would not hear the cord that was ringing in his tortured brain. Silence. SILENCE!

The bell rang, echoed in the silent house, and shudders stiffened. Who could it be at this hour of the night? He waited a moment, hardly breathing, and again the bell rang out. Noiselessly he inched over to the window, peered down, and saw at the door porch-light the form of a policeman, his outline along over his shoulder. Stood staring.

Then Stoddard went back by down on the floor beside the girl to whom he had given the little love that was in him, took her under his shoulder, lifted her head in his shaped a tiny pellet into her mouth and swallowed. A spasm shuddered Ruth. Then for a while.

The policeman waited for a while, gazed up again at the bedroom light, and shrugged his shoulders. He had given himself quite a little trouble in following Ben up, but if the owner did not feel the selling the matter unfortunate as between themselves, well, he must pay the fine officially. Deliberately he swung his shoulders for driving without a rear light showing, on Rainaway Wind-screen, wandered off regretfully into the night.

A jackal howled in the darkness, and the night wind drifted fog-mist over the trunks of the day.

(The End)

Threads of Sand

By Richard Carol

(Continued from Page 23)

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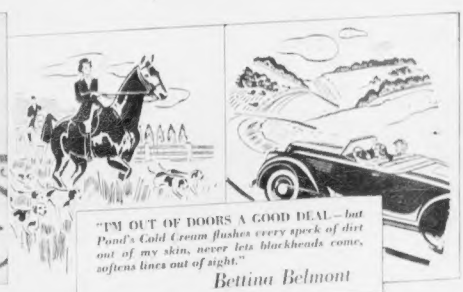
(The End)

Miss Bettina Belmont, popular debutante and expert horsewoman.



"I'M OUT OF DOORS A GOOD DEAL—*but Pond's Cold Cream flushes every speck of dirt out of my skin, never lets blackheads come, softens lines out of sight.*"
Bettina Belmont

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Mercolized Wax

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

● This single cream contains everything your skin needs to keep it velvety-smooth, fine-textured and young. It is actually absorbed like half-cream, clinging to outer skin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax gives your skin all the freshness and beauty it is possible for your skin to possess. Its combined cleansing, clearing, softening, beautifying action takes the place of numerous beauty aids. Simple put it on at night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep.

Mercolized Wax brings out the lustre beauty of your skin.

Try Phelactine

THE "different" hair remover. Takes off unwanted hair quickly and gently. Leaves the skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use. Odorless.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolve it in witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackheads. *At all drug and department stores.*

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Big Closets for the Small House

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE most popular size of home in today's increased building activity is the small house. Architectural and home modernization contests and shows reveal that it is the five-room, the six, and at most the seven-room house which are most generally sought by renter and buyer alike.

Whatever the distinctive construction style or "period"—the Colonial, the Early English, Spanish or Modern Contemporary—the small house offers its owners the advantages of its simple unpretentious character. Its ease of decorative treatment and its happy adaptability to suit many tastes and many purses.

But its own disadvantage which naturally arises because of its constricted area is the difficulty of keeping it in order, and of finding sufficient storage space in which to house all the belongings of each member of the family.

Freshly tidied up, the small cottage-home is charming; but let even a single unrelated article be dumped into its tiny parlor, or bottle, papers and the numerous accessories of living be left carelessly about, and the small house at once becomes a center of hopeless confusion. This is the more true the larger the number of persons, or if there are children in the family with all their attendant toys and activities.

The proportion of space which is allowed for closets and other storage needs in any house is all-important for comfortable, efficient living, but in the small house it becomes almost the main problem. Naturally, every house blueprint shows the closet marked in the diagram of each bedroom, and sometimes in the halls. But what does this closet mean in terms of feet and inches—of coats and hats and shoes and umbrellas for a rainy day, not to mention the extra blanket needed on a chilly Autumn night?

Is it not up to the home owner to demand storage space in which he can house his belongings in convenient and ready case? It is not a point of interest in the homemaker, especially in make a study of space in relation to belongings, and thus be better able to judge the empty closets and cupboards of the house which she inspects as a possible future dwelling."

Space is what you make it—you can box it in, and enclose it according to what you wish to go into it. Let's begin with that most important boxed-in space—the clothes-closet.

Since a coat or similar garment is 20 inches across the shoulders as it hangs crosswise in space, the coat-hanger closet must allow at least 22 inches in width for all such garments, giving the two extra inches so as to release each garment easily as it is lifted. If double-width arrangement is preferred, then the closet must measure 44 inches across the front.

Consider each closet as if it were a cupboard, with room with hangers one behind each other; set a pole or rod bar parallel with the closet wall and 63 inches from the floor. This height provides room for each garment (except long evening dresses) will have plenty of clearance underneath. At a point 3 inches above the pole, locate the first and chief shelf. If there is a second shelf, set it at 15 inches above the first. On these may be placed hat-boxes, garment boxes, etc.

Mention of hats brings up the point of space allowed for headwear. If space is restricted, do not allow a separate hat-box for each hat, as this will take three times as much room as if the hats were kept on flexible wire hat-stands. These are very neat and come in a choice of colors, with a flexible wire support, and a solid "head." They clamp to the under side of the shelf, and a slight touch will bring them down towards one.

However, gay hat-boxes in pastel shades are decorative—and a good plan is to make an isinglass "window" in the side of each box, so that one can readily see its contents.

How to store or keep shoes is another point on which the best experts differ. If a shoe-compartment with closed drawers is used, it may require opening and shutting several drawers before locating the right pair. Visibility is aided by placing shoes on a special set of stair-steps, constructed on an angle, and having side cleats or rails along both sides of each step in order to prevent shoes from falling off. Or, one may use a broad band of colored elastic over the toe of each shoe, to answer the same purpose. Fitted with shoe-trees to extend and keep each pair in shape, such a shoe-step will accommodate six or eight pairs.

If the closet has a tightly fitting door, one may utilize this back-of-the-door space by fitting it with narrow cleats in such a manner that they hold ties, scarves, veils, etc. However, many of the latest model houses do not show a door on the clothes closet, but instead employ curtains of attractive cretonne or glazed material to shut off the garments. These curtains are hung from rings which slide along the pole. One such closet recently seen used cedar-rose material, while the the back walls of the closet were painted a powder blue, and the shelves were of heavy glass.

The closet which is partly a recessed series of shallow drawers or trays is one of the most excellent to be seen. These shallow trays are easily pulled out, and when set in a tier, one above the other, will accommodate shirts, lingerie, handkerchiefs, gloves, and all small dress accessories.

Their advantage, of course, is their shallow depth, which makes it easy to find any article desired. In a large room, or one shared by two persons, a duplicate set of such drawers may be built-in to flank a central dressing-table or long full-length mirror. It is also a good model to use for a child's room, as the shallow drawers are much easier to pull forward than the usual deep dresser drawers.

One last point before proceeding to a discussion of other types of closets, and that is the possibility as well as the desirability of providing an electric light in each closet. This may be so installed that, when the closet door is opened, the light goes on.

The well designed and equipped bedding and linen closet is always the housewife's joy and pride. If possible, such a closet should be located near a center hall, so that it is accessible from many rooms. In its construction, shallow trays which come forward are much more convenient than deep drawers, which become too heavy when filled, or stationary shelves, which are less flexible.

It is well to bear in mind here, that several low piles of sheets, pillowcases and towels are easier to use than a few high piles—it is always desirable to get at one article without having to move others. Since a convenient way to store blankets and comfortables is to roll them, the space should consider this storage, as well as pillows which also are best when rolled tightly and tied.

A wide sorting shelf, of the drop-leaf type, is a great convenience in connection with the linen closet. Several drawers at the bottom of the closet may be useful to hold old linen for sick-room needs, and toilet requirements not often in use. A depth of from 18-24 inches usually accommodates linens, including sheets. A desirable length for the closet is 36 inches, which holds most blankets and heavy coverings when folded.

In determining the distance between shelves or trays, allowance must be made for space at the top of the pile of articles. Thus, allow 4 inches space at top on shelves at 6 inches height, and 6 inches space at top on shelves below elbow height. A desirable distance between shelves that are 18 inches wide is 10 inches; shelves which are 24 inches wide should be at least 12 inches apart. Place the sorting shelf 40 inches from the floor for restful use.

As some readers may recall, the writer has many times criticized the inadequacy of the average medicine closet. It is too shallow, does not allow for boiling tall bottles and containers, and fails to provide for the bulkier and enlarged articles needed for sickroom and daily hygiene. Some day there will be designed a rational bathroom closet: one with wide shelves properly spaced, with drawers for breakable articles, and with a clothes-chute at the bottom into which soiled linens may be thrown, and space where cleansers, disinfectants, etc., may be stored neatly and unobviously. Any woman will find it fun to figure with both head and pencil, and sketch out her own ideal bathroom closet—and then, if possible, see it built into her own home. But until this happens, these suggestions may prove helpful to remember:

The bathroom storage provides shallow and adjustable shelves for medicine bottles.

Shallow tray-drawers for dental paste, thermometer, and similar flat articles.

A dressing-table with drawers underneath.

A safe place for prescriptions and poisonous substances, separate from daily toilet requisites.

Place cabinet to one side of lavatory, not above it.

Recessed compartment for additional toilet rolls.

Several adjustable racks for holding towels and linens—but not near the bathtub, where they fall in.

Other types of closets in which the home-owner is interested are: Sewing room closet, house-cleaning closet, child's toy or play closet, kitchen food - storage closets, electrical equipment closet, laundry or ironing closet, afternoon tea or dinette closet, food-storage shelves for canned and bottled foods.

Space prevents giving in detail exact measurements of each area for the above closet needs, and its equipment. But in all such installation, remember that the closet is functional, and all its space must be designed according to use. Visibility, ease in handling, safety, ventilation, are some of the important factors in developing any storage space.

The home, as a functional unit, is "way behind the ship, the railroad train or the aeroplane.

Space? Look at the way it is planned in a ship's galley, or the bunkroom where there are tight drawers and closets under each bed, and the steward of the dining car, next time, to let you visit the galley of the average railroad diner—and see what space can function in cooking.

We don't need more space, but a far better, intelligent and efficient utilization of the space we now have at our disposal.

Blueprint for Closets.

Garment Closet for Adults (electrically lighted): Length of rod, 66 inches; hanger-space, 24"; shelves above rod, 14" wide, 66" long; movable shoe cabinet, 12" wide, 18" long, 48" high, holds 12 pairs shoes; six flexible hat-stands; 6 large hooks on doors, set 63" from floor for bathrobe, nightwear, etc.; tier of shelf-trays, each 18" wide, 18" long, 4 brass bars, set 48" from floor for ties, gloves, etc.

Vestibule Garment Closet for Guests (with ceiling light): Length of rod, 48", holding 9 overcoats and 2 women's coats; two shelves, 14"x48", for holding 10 hats; 8 hooks for additional accessories; dressing-table and seat under small window; mirror over table with lights at each side; drawers under table for toilet needs.

Child's Coat and Play Clothes Closet Unit (portable may be placed in hall or in room closet, adequate for 3 children of pre-school ages): Closet area in 36" wide by 12" deep and 50" high. Divided at top into 3 compartments for caps and mittens. At bottom having 3 drawers, each 11"x12"x10", for overshoes, and having small vent holes in front of each drawer for air. Center compartment fitted with hooks for holding coats and sweaters.

Bedding and Linen Closet: Size, 24"x36". Three lower drawers on ball-bearings to slide out easily. Three trays above for pillows and quilts. Three shallow trays for linens. Sorting board (at 40" from floor) of drop-leaf type; 10-inch space between shelves.

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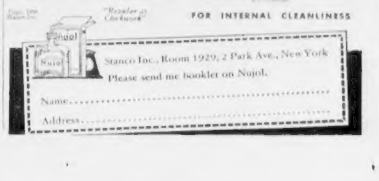

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Recipes for the Hostess to Many Guests

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

READERS have often written me, requesting recipes for dishes which will serve up to 25 guests. With this in mind, I have prepared the following recipes, which should ease this problem, so perplexing to many hostesses.

Vegetable Soup.

WASH a 5 or 6 pound soup bone that has been cracked. Carefully remove all loose bits of bone. Place the bone and 3 quarts cold water in a large soup kettle. Cover. Simmer gently for 3 hours. Add ½ pound chopped onions, 1 bunch chopped celery, 1 bunch diced carrots, 1 pound diced turnips, ¾ pound diced potatoes, 2 quarts tomato juice or canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and, if desired, 2 finely chopped green peppers. Cover and simmer gently until vegetables are very tender but not mushy. Remove the bone, cut off the meat, shred it and add to the soup. The soup may be varied by adding lima beans, corn, etc.

Chicken Pie.

CAREFULLY dress 3 fowls, weighing about 4 or 4½ pounds each. Barely cover with hot water, add 1 tablespoon salt, partly cover the kettle and simmer until tender, 2½ hours or longer. Skim off some of the fat from the top. Drain the fowls and remove the meat from the bones in large pieces or cut in pieces for serving. Cook 1 cup minced mild onions, 2 cups minced celery and 2 minced green peppers in a little of the chicken fat for a few minutes. Measure the broth (skimmed) and for each cup add 1½ tablespoons flour with 1½ tablespoons fat and stir constantly until frothy. Add the broth and stir constantly until smooth. Season to taste with salt, pepper and, if desired, a hot pepper sauce. Add the chicken. Line the sides of a large baking pan with rich biscuit dough. Pour the hot seasoned chicken into the biscuit-lined pan. Cover with the biscuit dough, rolled thin. Make several incisions so that steam can escape. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., until golden-brown. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Creamed Chicken.

CAREFULLY dress 3 fowls, weighing 4 or 4½ pounds each. Barely cover with hot water, add 1 tablespoon salt and pepper to taste, partly cover and simmer 3 hours or until tender. Drain the chicken, reserving the liquor. Cut the meat in uniformly small pieces. Cook 1 quart minced celery, 1 cup minced mild onion and 2 minced green peppers (if desired) for about 15 minutes in a little of the chicken fat, stirring frequently to prevent burning. The vegetables should be soft but not browned. Measure the skimmed broth. To each cup of broth allow 2 tablespoons flour. Blend the flour with 3 cups cream and stir into the broth. Stir constantly until thick and creamy. Add the chicken, season to taste with salt, pepper and hot pepper sauce, if desired, and cook a few minutes longer. Serve on crisp toast, in a border of steamed rice or on crisp waffles.

Lamb Stew.

WIPE 4 pounds breast, shoulder, neck or flank of lamb and remove some of the fat. Add 4 quarts water and simmer gently until tender. Remove bones and gristle and finely chop the meat. Cook the fat until crisp, add 1½ cups sliced onions and 1½ quarts diced carrots and cook until delicately browned. Remove about 1 pint of the liquid, cool it and blend with 1 cup flour. Cook the vegetables and 1 quart diced potatoes in the meat broth until tender, stir in the blended flour and stir constantly until flour has thickened the broth. Add the meat, 3 tablespoons salt and pepper to taste. Cook about 10 minutes longer, garnish with crisp parsley or tiny paprika baking powder biscuits, and serve immediately.

Cheese Toast.

HAVE ready 30 slices of bread, toasted on one side only. Shred 2½ pounds American cheese. Scald 2½ cups top milk over hot water, thicken with 5 tablespoons flour blended with 5 tablespoons water and cook, stirring constantly, until creamy and smooth. Beat 5 eggs slightly, add some of the hot mixture to them, return to double boiler, add the cheese, 2½ teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper, a few drops onion juice and ½ teaspoon hot pepper sauce, if desired. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture is creamy and smooth. Allow it to cool and then add 5 teaspoons baking powder. Spread the cheese mixture on the untoasted side of the bread. Cover the entire slice so that the edges will not become too brown or hard. Place in a moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., and bake until delicately brown. Serve immediately.

Macaroni Surprise.

HAVE ready 2 quarts diced or cooked carrots and 3 quarts cooked string beans. Cook 1 pound diced salt pork until crisp and brown. Remove the pork from the fat and fry 3 cups minced onion in the fat. Cook 1 pound broken macaroni in boiling salted water. When tender, drain, rinse with hot water and drain again. Mix all ingredients, season with salt, pepper and paprika and add two number 2 cans of green peas. Reheat and serve immediately.

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Recipes Requested By Readers

New England Sauce.

HAVE ready 4 quarts finely chopped hard white cabbage, 3 quarts shredded green tomatoes, 6 quarts minced sweet red peppers, 6 quarts minced onions and cider vinegar. Add 2 pounds sugar, ½ cup salt, 2 quarts good vinegar, 1 ounce mustard seed, 1 ounce celery seed and 4 ounces turmeric (for color). Boil for 2 hours and seal in sterilized jars.

Icing for Silver Wedding Cake.

MIX 4 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar and 2 cups water. Boil until syrup forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour slowly into 4 stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly with a heavy egg whisk or unbreakable perforated aluminum spoon. When about ¾ of the syrup has been beaten in, return the remaining syrup to the fire for a moment just long enough to reach the boiling point. Continue beating into the egg-white mixture. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and 4 or 5 drops orange extract. Spread quickly. With pastry bag and tube decorate as desired. Small silver candles may be used, alone or in combination with the white frosting. This is an easy and satisfactory icing and should hold its shape without becoming grainy or brittle.

Tomatoes with Sweetbreads.

REMOVE a slice from stem ends of 6 to 10 ripe tomatoes. Scoop out inside, sprinkle with salt, invert and let stand in ice box 2 or 3 hours. Finely chop 1 sweet green pepper (removing seeds). Add ½ finely chopped onion and cook in 1 tablespoon butter about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon thick brown gravy or brown sauce to the pepper mixture. Line tomatoes with the pepper mixture. Fill tomatoes with diced parboiled sweetbreads. Cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake 10 or 12 minutes in a hot oven or at about 400 degrees. Place on rounds of bread that have been delicately browned in a little butter. Serve with cream or brown sauce.

Mousseline Cauliflower.

COOK a large cauliflower, head down, in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and separate into flowerets. Pour mousseline sauce over the flowerets and serve immediately. To make the sauce: Mix 2 slightly beaten egg yolks with ¼ cup cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and the juice of ½ lemon. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick and creamy. Add 2 tablespoons butter, bit by bit, and stir constantly until butter is melted. Serve immediately.

Liver and Bacon Sandwich Supreme.

ONE-QUARTER of a pound bacon, ¼ pound calf's liver, 1 hard-cooked egg, ¼ clove garlic, ½ teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons thick sour cream, white bread, butter. Fry bacon until crisp, then drain off nearly all fat. Remove bacon and fry liver until well cooked—about 5 minutes. Put bacon, liver and hard egg through food chopper, using the medium knife. Add garlic, onion juice, horseradish and sour cream. Mix to a spreading consistency. Spread thickly on white bread, buttered and with crusts removed. Makes ¾ cup filling, or enough for 6 sandwiches.

Ginger Peppermint Punch.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with 1 pint water, a small piece of cinnamon, 3 or 4 cloves and a small piece of preserved ginger for 10 minutes. Chill. Add the juice of 3 oranges, the juice of 3 lemons and, if desired, 2 or 3 drops peppermint oil. Let stand in refrigerator several hours to ripen. Pour over a block of ice or crushed ice and garnish with fresh or frosted mint leaves.

Graham Flour Nut Bread

TO 1 pint unsifted graham flour add 1 cup white flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Add ⅔ cup light brown sugar and mix well. Stir in 2 cups buttermilk, stirring just enough to blend well. Add 1 cup broken nut meats. Turn into a buttered bread pan, cover and let stand 20 or 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees, about 45 minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes.	Grapefruit Juice.	Peaches.	Apple Juice or Apple Sauce.	Stewed Apricots.	Grapes or Fresh Grape Juice.	Orange Juice.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	French Toast.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.
Cereal.	Poached Eggs on Toast.	Marmalade.	Broiled Smoked Salmon.	Scrambled Eggs.	Raw Potato Pancakes.	Soft Cooked Eggs.
Orange Rolls.	Bacon.	Coffee.	Delicate Muffins.	Melba Toast.	Bacon.	Melba Toast.
Bacon.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Lima Beans with Tomatoes.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Luncheon	Macaroni and Cheese.	Whole Wheat Rolls.	Noodle Ring with Creamed Mushrooms.	Emergency Soup. (Left Overs).	Molded Cheese Ring with Vegetables.	Sea Food Canapes.
Meat.	Autumn Garden Salad.	Butter.	Jelled Pineapple Salad.	Vegetable Casserole.	Ice Box Rolls.	Pan-Broiled Cube Steak.
Kidney and Vegetable Pie.	Desired Small Silver Candies may be used, alone or in combination with the white frosting. This is an easy and satisfactory icing and should hold its shape without becoming grainy or brittle.	Fresh Fruit Compote.	Peanut Butter Tea Biscuits. Cocoa.	Toasted Rye Bread. Cheese.	Fruit Whip.	Delmonico Potatoes.
Kraut Relish.		Butterscotch Brownies.		Favorite Conserve.	Orange Drop Cookies.	Vegetable Bouquet with Hollandaise Sauce.
Berry Blanc Mange with Whole Berries (Canned).		*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Tea.	*Dinner*	Lemon Jelly with Custard Sauce.
Tea.		Fruit Cup.	Baked Lamb Patties.	*Dinner*	Roast Shoulder of Lamb with Corn Stuffing.	Coffee.
Dinner		Baked Lamb Patties.	Steamed Rice.	Baked Liver. Glazed Onions.	Harvard Beets.	*Supper (Company)*
Surprise Meat Loaf.		Stuffed Round Steak.	String Beans or Beets.	Whipped Potatoes.	Whipped Potatoes.	Frozen Fruit Salad.
Spaghetti Fried Green Tomatoes.		Glazed Carrots.	Tomato Jelly Salad.	Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce.	Asparagus Salad.	Cheese Straws.
Chiffonade Green Salad.		Creamed Potatoes.	Salad Dressing.	Baked Potatoes.	Salad Dressing.	Lightning Cake with Chocolate Frosting.
Sweets.		Gooseberry Pie.	Chocolate-ice Gingerbread.	Green Bean and Corn Salad.	One-Two-Three Dessert.	Punch.
French Dressing.		French Dressing.	Waffles with Frozen Whipped Cream.	Peppermint Ice Box Cake.		Iced Coffee.
Pineapple Chiffon Pie.		Baked Apple Dumpling with Lemon Sauce.	Sauce. Loose Sponge furnished with Whole Grapes.			

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3516—A "SWEEPING SUCCESS"—THESE TWO CAPTIVATING APRONS; BOTH PRACTICAL STYLES ARE FROM ONE SIMPLE PATTERN. Designed for sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Small size apron requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric for each apron. Trimmed apron requires 1¾ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3514—CHOOSE GLEAMING SATIN OR SOFT CREPE FOR THIS CHARMING DRESS-UP FROCK. CONTRAST THE REVERS AND BOWS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3477—SURPLICE LINES ARE THE THING TO MAKE YOU SLIM AND SUPPLE AS A "SIXTEEN." SEE THE DAINTY "LINGERIE" FRILL! Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅞ yard ruffling.

Pattern 3515—THIS SCHOOL GIRL WILL GET "A" IN FASHION WHEN TEACHER SEES HER FETCHING FROCK. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3513—BRIGHTEN YOUR KITCHEN WITH THESE LOVABLE KITTEN TEA TOWELS. SO EASILY MADE IN CROSS-STITCH IN A JIFFY. In Pattern 3513 you will find a transfer pattern of seven kitten motifs averaging 6x8½ inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustration of all stitches needed.

Pattern 3517—A CHARMING ENSEMBLE, INDEED—THIS ADORABLE BLOUSE AND TRIM SKIRT. MATCH THEM FOR A SMART TWO-PIECE FROCK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch fabric.

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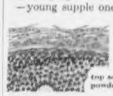

Outer Skin Cross-section of outer skin (epidermis). Dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. *Melt them off!*

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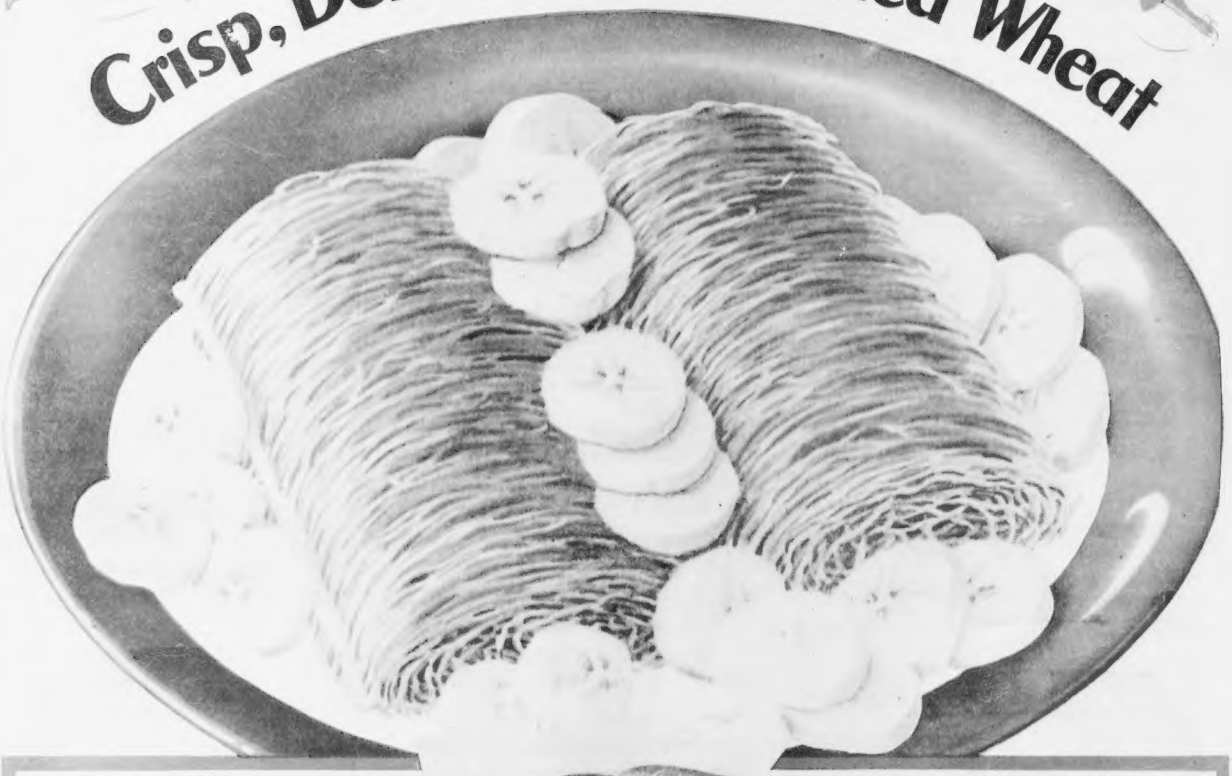

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MISS AMES, TALENTED HOLLYWOOD STAR, SAYS," SHREDDED WHEAT WITH MILK AND FRUIT CERTAINLY IS TOPS FOR REAL FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT." TRY CRISP, GOLDEN-BROWN SHREDDED WHEAT TOMORROW MORNING WITH YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS OR BERRIES.

WORLD FAVORITE

FOOD DEALERS THE WORLD OVER SOLD MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS LAST YEAR—ENOUGH PACKAGES TO FILL THE HUGE MAST OF FAMED EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NEARLY THIRTY TIMES. AND THIS YEAR, SALES ARE SHOOTING STILL HIGHER. JOIN THE MILLIONS WHO ENJOY THIS DELICIOUS BREAKFAST EVERY DAY

THE NATIONAL BREAKFAST

SHREDDED WHEAT

MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS SOLD EVERY YEAR

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, BAKERS OF RITZ, UNEEDA BISCUIT AND OTHER FAMOUS VARIETIES